The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1924 NUMBER 507

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The Week

THE chief controversial issue of the first weeks of the campaign has been the labor record of John W. Davis. Did he or did he not write section twenty of the Clayton Act? Precisely how grateful should working men be for his services in court a long time ago in West Virginia? Just how many angel-voters can be made to dance on the point of a protest some years since against the abuse of injunctions? While these questions are certainly important, we cannot believe that they will bulk very large in the mind of the average man. A candidate who has to stop in mid-campaign and prove by the book that he has served the cause of labor is not likely to cause the rank and file to burst into sustained huzzas. Especially is this true when one of his opponents is a man like Senator La Follette, whom every worker knows and has always known as a staunch friend. Undoubtedly large numbers of laboring men will vote for Mr. Davis, especially in the South; but it is safe to predict that they will consist of rock-ribbed Democrats who are prepared to support almost anybody chosen by the party leaders as candidate.

THE harm which can be done when such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan gets into politics was never better shown than in Oklahoma today. J. C. Walton was lately dismissed in disgrace from the office of governor. His political career should and normally would have been ended forever by that incident. Yet he has just received the Democratic nomination for United States Senator by a plurality of 12,000 or so, and is in a fair way to be elected next November. This has happened although his weaknesses of character are now well known in the state; although Oklahoma was and is heartily sick of his use of martial law, and of his hordes of drunken plain clothes gunmen who virtually terrorized the state; and although the widest publication has been given to a long list of charges of corruption in office made against him—charges which he has hardly even attempted to deny. How can one reconcile all this with his receiving the nomination for the high office of United States Senator?

THOSE who have just voted for Walton have done so because they saw in him the only available instrument with which to strike at the Ku Klux Klan. Oklahoma has been the scene in recent years of a series of horrible crimes committed by hooded mobs against unfortunate victims. Women as well as men have suffered these outrages, the details of which are frequently unprintable and reveal in those who commit them unmistakable signs of sadistic degeneracy. Justly or not, the common people of Oklahoma lay these dreadful incidents at the door of the Klan, whose regalia is worn by the mobs; and they are determined if they can to put an end to this long-enduring reign of terror. With even better reason they believe that the Klan now controls much of the machinery of the courts, and numerous important municipal and state offices. Therefore they rally to the side of the candid buccaneer, not because they like him, but just because of his open opposition to the hooded and terrible oligarchy. It is a bitter choice, but not unnatural. If Oklahoma elects to represent her in the Senate her deposed governor, a man as wholly unfit for that high office as any Lorimer or Newberry, the

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Ku Klux Klan must carry the final responsibility for putting him there.

THE Knights of Columbus at their recent annual convention in New York City decided to organize and finance a nationwide "movement to fight the dissemination of immoral and harmful literature." We believe this action is highly regrettable on its own account and doubly so in view of its source. The Federal law and the police regulations of the various states and cities give ample power to the regularly constituted authorities to confiscate and destroy obscene books and pictures. We are not aware of any evidence that this duty is being neglected; but if it is, private citizens should seek better enforcement, and should not themselves attempt to take over the duties of the police, any more than they would attempt to clean the streets or operate the public health service if they felt these activities were being carried on improperly.

PARTICULARLY do we regret this sort of busybodyism on the part of the Knights of Columbus, because of the ammunition it will give their opponents in the present religious conflict which, however absurd and needless, is nevertheless serious and growing. The Ku Kluxers throughout the land are sure to seize the news and whisper in every ear that what is sought is "the suppression of all non-Catholic literature in America." While we do not believe that such an interpretation is correct, it will be impossible ever to explain the action satisfactorily in other terms to an unsympathetic audience. That such a whispering campaign is now made possible is all the more to be regretted because heretofore the national organization, at least, of the K. of C. has conducted itself with admirable dignity and restraint in circumstances which must frequently have been very trying.

TWO hundred and fifty inmates of Sing Sing prison, the warden announces, are entitled to bonuses as veterans of the World War. It would be interesting to know how many of these men had criminal tendencies before 1917, and how many drifted into crime only after serving their country. The draft, of course, fell upon the just and the unjust. Many men with bad records wore the uniform, and some of them probably changed their mode of life for the better. Yet there is no doubt that they are greatly outnumbered by those who were good citizens until the War and have gone wrong since. Some of these during their army experience acquired or discovered in themselves a taste for excitement and danger which made the normal experience of bookkeeper or mechanic seem dull indeed. There were also those permanently impaired physically or mentally by war experience who, failing for one reason or another to secure adequate compensation, have taken to crime in despair. War is an immoral business, which breeds immorality; and in our hearts we all know it. That is one reason why we talked so much in 1917 about our high idealistic purposes. You cannot send millions of people on a debauch of barbarism, an orgy which breaks all the rules painfully acquired during centuries, and then hope that they will sober up completely overnight.

THE personal press agents of President and Mrs. Coolidge seem to have had a falling out. One day the story goes out that the President, mindful of the stoic virtues of the real dirt farmer, is laboring at his desk through Washington's most torrid season in the familiar blue serge suit with every button buttoned as usual. Simultaneously another story is released to the effect that Mrs. Coolidge has so far forgotten the simple tastes of former years, the two-family house with its six-party phone, as to beguile the summer in the lap of luxury. Three days a week she has the exclusive use of Washington's swellest mansion with its fine tennis courts and "one of the most artistic outdoor swimming pools in the country." No one is admitted to this little paradise but carefully selected members of the Cabinet and diplomatic circles. Some ordinary Americans who recently wandered in unbidden were treated to a summary ejection by personal order of the queen. They have their revenge!

ON Friday morning, August 8, in this year of grace 1924, the newspapers of New York lent a hand to the resuscitation of a story that has long been dead, the ancient yarn of the government ownership and operation of women in Soviet Russia. The restorative has been applied by Rev. John H. M. Dudley, a lieutenant colonel in the reserves. The Rev. Mr. Dudley's theological temperament is sufficiently indicated by his statement that radicals dislike the United States "because, God damn it, we make them work." He avers, in similar language, that he has witnesses to the appropriation of women by Soviet officials. To which we can only reply, albeit somewhat wearily, that of course he has nothing of the sort.

THE Van Sweringen railroad merger is said to be the most extensive single coup of its kind. Half a dozen second rate roads have suddenly, under the hands of these millionaire brothers, become a major system linking New York, Washington, St. Louis and Chicago by 11,000 miles of rail. If the Commerce Commission approves, another billion dollar trust takes its place upon Olympus among the ancient deities of Vanderbilt, Harriman and Hill. No doubt many defenders of the simple and obvious system of free competition will roar with pain. But as a matter of railroad economics such mergers are both inevitable and desirable. Railroading cannot be conducted permanently upon the basis of small, isolated, competitive

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lines. The larger the mergers, the better and ultimately more economical the service. Capitalists know this and eventually the public will learn it from them. What the capitalists do not know, however, is that no government can allow the control of its main highways to be vested in any group of private business men. Railroads must be administered as a unit. They must also be administered by the public whose fortunes depend so utterly upon them.

LITTLE by little, but quite definitely since the war, Canada has been moving away from the status of a British dominion toward an increasing independence. Her efforts have been only feebly resisted by the mother country. Not long ago she announced that she would not sign the Lausanne Treaty, in the making of which she had no voice. And now comes the news that Premier King, after an outburst of anger at the fact that his government was receiving news of the Inter-Allied Conference, not from the British government, but merely through the press, has won his fight for separate representation of Canada at the conference. The Allies proposed that Great Britain's three members be named by her, but Canada protested, and has won her point. A few more steps such as this, and it will be inaccurate to call Canada a member of the British Empire. A non-resident member perhaps?

IN the past, Marcus Garvey told the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the Negroes have prayed to a white God, but lynchings and burnings did not decrease as a result. His deduction follows inevitably.

> God tells us to worship a God in our own image. We are black, and to be in our image God must be black . . . We must create a God of our own and give this new religion to the Negroes of the world.

Rather hard to answer. If the self-conscious Nordics get hold of this argument, there will soon be a god for every complexion. Mr. Garvey's remarks seem the crescendo of the pathos running through the thought of the race as expressed in what we know as their literature—the "spirituals." Scarcely one of these that does not outpour the passionate, pathetic searching for a visualized idea of God.

Squeamish Conservatism

THE speech of acceptance which John W. Davis delivered at Clarksburg, West Virginia on August 11 is the work of an intelligent, fluent and well-intentioned man who is entangled in the meshes of a dialectical and practical predicament the inexorability of which he does not grasp. It is a smoothly written address, which at times is vigorous, which is intended to be scrupulously fair and candid and which succeeds without effort in being urbane. Mr. Davis is above all a gentleman. He is moderate, capable, conciliatory, non-contentious and sincerely desirous that reason and the will of God shall prevail in human affairs. In all these respects he suggests an English statesman of the Victorian epoch; and if he lived among a people and during a period which was in need of laissez-faire liberalism, tempered by a lack of dogmatism and a mild aspiration for human welfare, he would possess the immediately important qualifications for political leadership. As it happens, however, he lives at a time in which liberalism, as it was conceived by a Jeffersonian Democrat or a Victorian Englishman, has ceased to be a progressive leaven, and he lives among a people who have grim reasons for inquiring why at this date Mr. Davis asks them to trust to the Democratic party the adaptation of a socialized democratic ideal to the conditions of a modern industrial state. Mr. Davis's political and economic philosophy is emasculated by an irrelevance whose amiability provides no compensation for its unreality.

When Mr. Davis was nominated, The New Republic insisted that his selection was equivalent to an evasion by the Democratic party of the moral and personal issues which had agitated the convention and of the economic issues which moved and divided the American people. If it was peace with honor, it was also peace without importance, reunion or specific promise. It condemned the nominee to conduct his campaign by repeating and rationalizing the evasive tactics in which the convention had found refuge. He would be occupied primarily in keeping the Democratic party together, and he could succeed only by side-stepping or passing lightly over the economic issues upon which the Democrats were divided and making much ado over the traditional shibboleths on which they could claim to be united. In 1912 under analogous conditions the Democrats nominated a candidate who looked like a positive alternative to the Republican and Progressive candidates and who appealed for support on that account. In 1924 they have nominated a man who in respect to the issues of the campaign presents a negative alternative to his two competitors. Men and women who cherish active positive convictions about the issues of the day will vote for Coolidge or La Follette. Men and women who hesitate and whose convictions assume the form chiefly of scruples will vote for Davis.

Mr. Davis's speech of acceptance tends to confirm this interpretation. Its most effective passages are those in which he denounces Republican corruption, inefficiency and disorganization, in which he emphasizes the importance of substituting for the high protective duties of today a tariff for revenue only, and in which he announces his belief in unqualified adhesion by the United States to the League of Nations. If the American voters were limited to a choice between the candidates of two major parties, one of which was obliged to go to

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the country with a record of corruption, dissension and incompetence as flagrant as that of the Republicans, they would undoubtedly elect Mr. Davis in order to turn the Republicans out. But there is a large body of Republican agrarian insurgents who do not believe that the Democratic party is any more capable of ploughing up the roots of American political corruption and economic discrimination than is the Republican party, and who consider corruption of that kind inseparable from the existing distribution of political and economic power. There is also a large number of voters, for the most part organized laborers, who have usually voted for Democratic candidates, but who are profoundly dissatisfied with the treatment which organized labor has since 1919 received from both Republican and Democratic administrations. These voters are most anxious to turn the Republicans out. They are beginning to envisage in the Republican party an emerging body of business men who associate the interests of the American people with their own class interests and are consciously preparing to consolidate and increase their existing power. But for that very reason they do not propose to turn out the Republicans for the sake of substituting a Democratic party which in its platform, candidate and behavior has showed itself indifferent to the need of new economic and political controls. They are hoping by their ballots next November to dislocate the old balance of power in American politics and business to precipitate a radical readjustment.

There is not an idea or an instinctive movement in John W. Davis's speech of acceptance which amounts to a serious bid for the progressive voters —meaning thereby those American citizens who are by interest and activity in favor of a new political and economic deal, and who do not relish as a substitute for a new deal a new affirmation of tired and ambiguous formulas. No doubt many voters of liberal tendencies who believe in the subordination of domestic questions to the promotion of more active American coöperation with Europe or to whom liberalism continues to mean chiefly a verbal homage to Victorian or Jeffersonian formulas will vote for him with the utmost good will. But liberals of this persuasion were practically all included in the Cox supporters of 1920, and Mr. Davis, if he is to be elected, will have to win the allegiance of several million voters who did not vote for Cox in 1920. Where they are coming from we are unable to see. Doubtless he will win the allegiance of a certain number of Republicans who cannot bring themselves to vote for a tainted candidate of a tainted party, but they will not be numerous. He falls between two stools. His program is ostensibly "liberal" enough to alienate the great majority of conservative business and professional votes, while still falling far short of satisfying the demands of the insurgent progressives.

It is an illuminating commentary on the quality of Mr. Davis's alleged progressivism that presumably he should have expected the passages in his speech which deal with the economic issues to appease farmer-labor insurgency and deprive the La Follette demonstration of its reason for existence. "The right of labor," he says, "to an adequate wage earned under healthful conditions, the right to organize in order to obtain it, and the right to bargain for it collectively through agents and representatives of its own choosing have been established after many years of weary struggle. These rights are now conceded by all fair-minded men. They must not be impaired by injunction or any other device." But they have been and are now being impaired by injunction and many other most ingenious devices. Corporations with which Mr. Davis connected himself either as counsel or director before he became a presidential candidate have deliberately adopted a policy of impairing the right of labor by injunctions and other devices without eliciting from Mr. Davis the slightest protest. The most flagrant abuse of the injunction in the history of American labor controversies was committed while Mr. Davis was the leader of the American Bar. Neither Mr. Davis nor any other prominent Democratic lawyer nor the Democratic leaders in Congress were in the least disturbed in public at this challenge against the "established rights" of labor. How can he expect after his own negative record of the last few years to beguile an aroused class of organized workers with such verbal sugar-plums. If the present legal and practical status of the trades-union is the utmost which the Democratic party can accomplish for the organized wage earner, no wonder the workers are insurgent and propose to claim for themselves something better. They are seeking not the re-affirmation of ambiguous and sterile "rights" which are so often denied in practice but their own participation as a conscious organized group in the operation and control of American industry and politics.

Mr. Davis's program for the farmer shows more understanding than does his program for organized labor. His demand for the abatement of a protective tariff which necessarily discriminates against agriculture and in favor of industry is more emphatic and thorough-going than that of Senator La Follette. In the direction of positive legislation he goes so far as to declare that "in times when general and wide-spread distress has overtaken him [the farmer] every power which the government enjoys under the Constitution should be exerted in his aid." Yet his speech affords no evidence that he appreciates how deeply rooted in American economic politics the discrimination in favor of urban industry is, and how much of it arises from the control which industry, as contrasted with agriculture, exercises over the volume of output and the scale of prices. The Progressives do not impute the discrimination merely to tariff protection or a temporary failure of foreign demand for American agricultural products. They attribute it in part to the existence in many

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American industries of controls which secure to their management an effective safeguard against the disastrous vicissitudes to which the farmer is exposed. Those controls are according to the Progressives intimately associated with the existing ownership and management of the railroads, and they propose, consequently, as one necessary step in the economic emancipation of the American people some method of railroad nationalization. Mr. Davis does not betray any understanding of these more radical demands, nor does he make the slightest attempt to satisfy them. He clearly believes that the present agricultural distress is a temporary phenomenon, and that the resulting political commotions, like the Populism of the 'nineties, will gradually fade away. It does not call for a cure except in so far as tariff reform and European economic recovery will cure it. It will be enough to soothe the patient while nature is removing the cause of his discomfiture.

In so far then as Mr. Davis's address was prepared as an invitation to Progressive voters it will, except in a few instances, fail of success. Progressivism is beginning to mean an agitation in favor of a revision of American constitutional and social law and a redistribution of economic and political power to which Mr. Davis is either indifferent or opposed. He talks as if the existing legal and economic system is on the whole an embodiment of Jeffersonian Democratic principles which, with a few minor alterations, the Democratic party can make entirely satisfactory both in theory and practice. His motive for making a noise like a "liberal" is that he is campaigning against Mr. Coolidge who is a conservative, and he must establish some distinction in the public mind between his point of view and that of his most formidable competitor. But his "liberalism" consists in proclaiming his adhesion to principles which in his opinion are already embodied, not perfectly but on the whole sufficiently, in our American legal and economic institutions and practice. His progressivism is tempered to appeal to hesitating conservatives. It is equivalent merely to a squeamish conservatism. It is not an active ferment which seeks an individually and socially educational benefit through the conscious clash and mutual adjustment of class activities and ambitions in a background provided by a more humane law and religion. It is a sugar-coated capsule of dope which Mr. Davis out of the goodness of his heart is recommending to his troubled fellow-countrymen. Should it succeed, its success will consist in keeping the insurgent economic groups harmless, dormant and safe for the Democratic party.

The Meaning of Conrad

EXCEPT Thomas Hardy no English man of letters could have given by his death such historic importance to the year 1924 as Joseph Conrad. Born in 1857, a year after Bernard Shaw, Conrad began his literary career late, in 1895, with Almayer's Folly. This was the year of Stevenson's death, and of Hardy's virtual, and almost of Meredith's, retirement from fiction. Shaw had not yet published Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, and Galsworthy, Bennett, and May Sinclair were still below the horizon. Thus Conrad found his predecessors, except for Henry James and George Moore, leaving the stage or already gone, and himself the first of the new generation to occupy it. In twelve years he had published ten books including The Nigger of the Narcissus, Lord Jim, Youth, Nostromo, and The Secret Agent which are distinctive of his first period. "The writing of these books," wrote Mr. Galsworthy in 1908, "is probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language." And there were still to come the two most elaborate and characteristic of Conrad's performances, Chance and Victory.

The place of Conrad in the literary movement of the time has been often indicated—his inheritance from both romantic and realistic progenitors, which enabled him to add to romance (the poetry of circumstance, as Stevenson defined it) the realism of human experience, and to make realism significant as the poetry of character. It must not be forgotten also that 1895 marked a definite advance in the revival of mysticism. Ibsen was writing the last will and testament of realism in When We Dead Awaken, and a new cabinet of European letters was being formed under the presidency of Maurice Maeterlinck. Whether Conrad ever read it or not, Maeterlinck's preface to the first collected edition of his plays states the program which Conrad's work was to illustrate. "High poetry," says Maeterlinck, "is composed of three elements: First, verbal beauty; next, the passionate contemplation and depiction of what really exists around us and in ourselves; and finally . . . the idea that the poet makes of the unknown in which float the beings and things that he evokes, of the mystery which dominates them and presides over their destinies."

How completely Conrad lends himself to this analysis is obvious. In verbal beauty, in mastery of the beautiful material of language and the swaying of it in powerful and haunting rhythms he is supreme. Again, the passionate contemplation and depiction of reality was the beginning of his literary workmanship. He has told us how the sight of Almayer, "forty miles up, more or less, a Bornean river," set his mind working on the problem which required seven years for its solution. His first inspiration was visual. "He (Almayer) was moving across a patch of burnt grass, a blurred shadowy shape with the blurred bulk of a house behind him, a low house of mats, bamboos and palm-leaves with a high-pitched roof of grass." But the interest shifts to character. "If I had not got to know Almayer pretty well," Conrad wrote later, "it is almost certain there would never have been a line of mine in print." What happened in the case of

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Almayer is typical of Conrad's method. First it is the sensuous appeal which takes him, and no one has ever rendered more acutely and strikingly the effects of darkness, light, heat, rain, wind, forest, river, sea, and of men and things exposed to these elements. But Conrad's realism is never authoritative and photographic. Appearance immediately becomes subjective, and to make the method more explicit the experience is often transmitted through the consciousness of a third person. This is the characteristic procedure in Conrad's undoubted masterpieces, Lord Jim, Chance and Victory.

It is the third element, and in Maeterlinck's view the most important, which has given rise to most dispute in regard to Conrad's position—"his idea of the unknown in which float the beings and things that he evokes, of the mystery which dominates them." That he is acutely conscious of this mystery there is no doubt—it is as present to him as to Maeterlinck himself. Mr. Wilson Follett has called attention to Conrad's frequent preoccupation with the physical presence of somebody or something hidden, as in The Secret Sharer, the symbolism of which tends to bridge the gap between appearance and reality. But what idea does he give us of this unknown? Mr. Mencken thinks it merely the crass casualty or cosmic implacability of Mr. Hardy's universe. He sees all of Conrad's heroes "destroyed and made a mock of by the blind incomprehensible forces that beset them," and the title Victory "an incomparable piece of irony." But surely this is not the emphasis which Conrad himself places upon his world. It is true his heroes are not conquerors in the material sphere, but the significant thing is that they continue to strive. The theme which Conrad presents most constantly is one of affection, devotion, protection, tested by danger, by the fury of nature and by the craft of savage men, calling out courage, loyalty, endurance, sacrifice. The object of this devotion may be a child, a ship, a woman. Often his theme is the loyalty between men of different race, of white men to brown, or brown to white. It is hard to miss the meaning of Lord Jim's sacrifice, as in expiation alike of his own long ago faithlessness and the treachery of men of his own race he goes before Doramin to die by his hand—a witness to the imperial truth that the test of a man's fitness to rule his fellow men is his willingness to die, not only for them and with them, but by them.

If Conrad had not presented this theme so constantly, his own comment, sparse as it is, would give us a definite idea of his moral index of the world. "The world," he says in Reminiscences, "rests on a few very very simple ideas, so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably amongst others on the idea of Fidelity." It is because the sea emphasizes the dependence of man upon man and loyalty to the ship as a condition of survival against the hostility of nature that Conrad justifies it as the medium of his tales. "The sea," he writes in The Shadow Line, "is the only world that counted, and ships the test of manliness, of temperament, of courage and fidelity—and of love." It is the fidelity to the claims of race which leads him to dedicate Rescue to Hugh Clifford, "who among the Malays whom he governs, instructs, and guides is the embodiment of the intentions, of the conscience and might of his race." And finally his own creed embodies in words which Maeterlinck himself might have used the sense of the business of the artist to promote the union of mankind in the presence of the unknown, which becomes an ennobling rather than a mocking, terrifying, or crushing conception, through the participation of all men in its mystery.

"He [the artist] speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity and beauty and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other; which binds all humanity—the dead to the living, and the living to the unborn."

What They Have Accomplished in London

CONSIDERING the terms on which it was summoned, the Conference which has recently assembled in London to agree upon a method of operating the Dawes plan has reached a tolerable compromise. All parties to the Conference have made substantial concessions in the interest of agreement. So far as M. Herriot is concerned these concessions are sufficiently substantial to prove the good faith of his announced desire to restore coöperation among the Allies. So far as the British Prime Minister is concerned, the concessions are also substantial, but on the whole they represent probably a smaller deduction from the previous attitude of the British government than they do from the previous attitude of the French government. The result is an extremely cumbersome piece of machinery which will not work in practice unless the people who operate it are really and continuously anxious to coöperate. But in so far as there is any probably fatal flaw in this mechanism, it is the product not of the new agreement so much as of the Treaty of Versailles. Under that Treaty the French government claims the right in certain conditions to adopt punitive measures against Germany without the consent of its co-signers. The nature of these conditions is not precisely defined. They are necessarily indefinable, but whatever they are the London Conference has fastened restrictions on them. As a result of it France is for the present committed to participation in an elaborate international eco-

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nomic receivership of Germany, which requires for its successful operation the active and loyal coöperation of the Germans themselves and the British together with a few Americans as final moderators and controls.

The London Conference is in its most immediately important aspect a victory for the British. Ever since it became clear that the German government could not possibly meet its liabilities for reparations, the British have in general proposed a receivership of Germany which would set up an inter-allied financial government in that country. This government was not supposed to interfere any more than was necessary with the domestic affairs of the German people; and it could not in a sense operate without their coöperation. On the other hand its authority would have to be absolute in its own sphere of operations; and it would supply the element of compulsion in the carrying out of a disagreeable and onerous bargain which for internal political reasons the Germans could not continuously supply themselves. The French have always been reluctant to agree to any such arrangement. They hoped as a result of occupying the Ruhr to convert Germany into a political and economic vassal whose resources could be utilized by French finance and industry without the necessity of consulting the British or the Americans. But German resistance defeated this project and there remained only two possible alternatives. One was the increasing economic ruin of Germany which would bring with it a financial crisis in France and dangerous instability in Europe. The other was the British plan of receivership for Germany which would place her resources at the disposal of all her creditors and which would be administered by a committee of all of them with German consent. Little by little the British, first under a Conservative and then under a Labor government, have overcome with American assistance what seemed to be insuperable obstacles to setting up a plan of this kind.

By their success they have at least temporarily averted an apparently irresistible descent towards economic and political chaos in Europe. It was fortunate, indeed, that among the peoples of Europe there was one which was capable of exercising a moderating and conciliatory influence on the policy of their neighbors. Their success is one more proof of the quite extraordinary address which the British people have acquired for the practice of politics. They understand better than any other people that the art of government is not only the art of placing national power at the service of national policy, but that it is even more the art of adjusting the conflicting interests and policies of power-groups, either internal or external, so that the life and the purposes of these groups can continue to move and grow.

The doubtful question raised by the results of the London Conference is the question whether under the operation of this international financial receivership Germany can continue to live and grow. The Dawes plan will soon begin to operate. It will in all probability operate long enough to permit the flotation of the international loan of $200,000,000. The proceeds of that loan will presumably keep Germany going and France placated for the first two years. At the end of that interval when the German government is supposed to begin reparations payments, the difficulties will quickly and enormously increase. The vicissitudes of the last few years have already disorganized German finance and industry in certain serious but incalculable ways; and no one can tell how well it will bear up under the sacrifices, uncertainties and strains which the setting up of the receivership and the attempt to re-introduce sound economic methods and values will involve. Even if it adjusts itself better than now seems probable and at the end of two years is able to produce an economic and financial surplus sufficient to satisfy the immediate claims of its creditors, the success may be obtained at a cost (such for instance, as an intolerably low standard of popular living) which will condemn it to impermanence and moral disapproval. And even though Germany can by some tour de force pull through the third year without default, she will surely fall behind in her deliveries under the rapidly increasing demands of the succeeding years. At some time in the operation of the plan, Germany is certain to default, and considering the strain which will be placed upon the slender stock of German good will, she may well default under conditions which will look flagrant. This is the eventuality in which the Dawes plan is practically certain to result, but against the obvious dangers of which it is impossible adequately to provide.

What the Dawes plan really does is to postpone a decision of the inexorable problem as to how the economic and moral liabilities of the War shall be liquidated. The Treaty of Versailles proposed in effect that they should be liquidated by figuratively arresting and actually disarming the German nation, and then by requiring the German people to devote all their surplus over bare subsistence to the appeasement of their morally superior conquerors. According to the spirit and possibly according to the letter of this decree the French took advantage of inevitable German default under the Treaty to seize the heart of industrial Germany, but they soon found that, while they were gradually ruining Germany, they were also exposing themselves and the whole of Europe to disaster. The Dawes plan is essentially an experimental arrangement whereby the contracting parties hope to escape the immediately disastrous consequences of acting on the theory of the Versailles Treaty without abandoning the theory itself. It has been prepared by experts as the result of an exhaustive examination of the financial and economic condition and resources of Germany, and it creates an extremely complicated economic mechanism of government and by-laws upon

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the probable adequacy of which only experts can offer a competent opinion. Yet its virtue is essentially political. It is a device to restore economic activity in Europe without disturbing the moral conflicts which are tearing the European peoples apart, the hope being that it will be easier to appease these moral conflicts two or three years from now than it is today.

The New Republic agrees that considering the circumstances this is the best course to adopt. We have consistently believed and we still believe that if liberal and humane people in the Allied countries had repudiated in the beginning the spirit and the letter of the Versailles Treaty, it would have been possible then and there to have obtained a peace which would have looked in the direction of moral appeasement and social reconstruction. But the Treaty was ratified and, having become the law of Europe, it was bound to bring about increasing moral dissension and economic decay. There seems to be no way of checking the process of economic decay save by an international economic receivership of Germany, but now that the receivership is to be set up, public opinion should recognize it for what it is. It is an experiment in the international administration of the business of one people which is undertaken for a temporarily desirable political purpose, but in defiance of fundamental economic, political and moral values. It is justifiable only because the generation which framed the Treaty of Versailles, although with some exceptions it no longer believes in the theory or practice of that document, lacks the moral insight and courage to seek a sound foundation for European order.

With all its parade of practicability, the Dawes plan is at bottom almost fantastically impracticable. If it should stand as adopted, it would condemn Germany to pay her whole economic surplus every year to her conquerors, and yet with each succeeding year plunge as a matter of legal obligation deeper into debt. It presupposes for its success the loyal coöperation not only of the German government but of the whole German people. Yet if they coöperate they will have to make huge and prolonged sacrifices without any assurance of ultimate emancipation and security. At a time when the whole tendency of political psychology is to question the desirability and even the possibility of government by administrative interference with other people's affairs, Europe is setting up an international administrative machine, which will necessarily make those final decisions upon which the prosperity and welfare of a whole people will depend. In our opinion it simply cannot be done without turning the Germans into slaves and their conquerors into slave-drivers. The German nation is consenting to the Dawes plan only to escape the ruin which a prolongation of the French occupation of the Ruhr would be sure to bring about. They can never consent in any positive moral sense to the treatment which they receive from their conquerors until they are released from the economic and political subjugation and the moral ban to which they are condemned by the Treaty of Versailles. If the Dawes plan proves to be a step in that direction, it will tend to bring about the ultimate appeasement of Europe. But it will not prove to be a step in that direction unless on some future occasion the liberal and humane people in the Allied nations are willing to do what they were not willing to do in June, 1919, in March, 1922, in January, 1923, and in August, 1924—viz., to insist upon the repudiation in practice and in theory of the outlawry which the Treaty of Versailles fastened on Germany.

The A. F. of L. Stays in Politics

FOR a good many years the American Federation of Labor has been in politics with its non-partisan policy, urging the adoption of platform planks, endorsing candidates. This year its action is formally in accord with tradition. And the stand it has taken was the only one which could have preserved its political influence.

Those who expected the Executive Council not to favor the candidacy of Senator La Follette must have been either meagerly informed or blinded by partisanship. Consider the situation in which Mr. Gompers was placed. Endorsement of Coolidge and Dawes was of course out of the question. The Democratic platform makers were so little conscious of the importance of economic issues, and gave such small consideration to the labor vote, that they adopted without dissent a platform which is either evasive or negative on virtually every paragraph of the statement of principles urged by the Federation's Non-Partisan Committee. The delegates then failed to nominate any of the candidates who had a vestige of labor support, and turned instead to Mr. Davis.

If there had been no alternative, this would have been enough to give the Federation pause. But there was a striking alternative, for whose existence a number of the most important unions in the Federation were chiefly responsible. The La Follette platform coincides with the official program of organized labor in all but a few respects. As between it and the Democratic declaration, there was only one possible choice. And however progressive Mr. Davis might call himself, his progressiveness had to be compared with Senator La Follette's. Mr. Davis's record is celebrated on the one hand by references to his support of the Clayton act (now virtually made useless to labor by judicial interpretation), to his vindication of the Adamson law and to other early activities favorable to labor, and is attacked on the other hand by references to his later advocacy of the Coronado Coal Company in a case which aimed a threat at the very existence of unionism, to his silence as director of the Santa Fé

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when it secured an injunction against the shop strikers, and to his recent legal associations. It is necessary to weigh conflicting judgments to know what Mr. Davis, if elected, would do in a labor crisis. But there is no on-the-one-and-on-the-other-handedness about Senator La Follette's record. He has never wavered in his support of labor's great causes, his chief legislative achievement is the Seamen's act, and he was the principal speaker at the Federation convention of 1922. If, in view of these obvious facts, the Executive Council had endorsed Mr. Davis in preference to Senator La Follette, it would have made ridiculous its effort to exert influence in politics, by serving notice on all that it was hopelessly partisan to the Democrats, and it would have stood a large chance of losing even its political leadership of the labor movement. The endorsement, like the La Follette candidacy itself, was not a sign of conversion to the labor party idea as such, nor the result of an internal defeat by insurgent opposition, but a logical and well-nigh inevitable outcome of the practical situation.

The combination of the endorsement with a declaration of continued non-partisanship has also been much misunderstood. It is commonly said that this is a warning against the formation of a new party. Mr. Gompers has, to be sure, scouted the idea of a labor party on the British model—one in which the official trade-union movement itself should become directly involved. Yet the warning was addressed far more to those who had assumed that partisanship to either of the old parties would forever prevent the Federation from favoring any candidate outside of them, no matter how good the reasons for doing so. It was a call to members of unions who have considered themselves Republicans or Democrats to vote for principles and men rather than for party labels. The question of a new party is not directly involved at present. One can vote for La Follette and Wheeler, and still vote for Republican or Democratic candidates for Congress and state offices. If La Follette secures a sufficiently large poll to warrant the creation of a new national party with some chance of success, and if this party continues to present the best choice to labor, there is no reason why the non-partisan policy of the Federation should prevent it from endorsing the platforms and candidates of the new party. If La Follette does not poll such a vote, the effect of labor's support may still be sufficient to show the old parties that it is worth serious attention in the future. Mr. Gompers probably has not assumed that there would never be a new major party born in the United States. He has merely opposed attempts to involve the Federation permanently with any one party—and especially with doctrinaire minorities out of step with official trade-unionism, who could not hope to achieve political victories of consequence, and would pocket such part of the labor vote as they could attract where it could not exert influence.

While, by this action, the Executive Council has been able to combine the course it wished to follow in this election with its traditional policy, the practical effect is something wholly new in labor's relation to politics. For years the whole prestige, and often the discipline of the Federation has been thrown against those more or less prominent members of the unions who wished to build up a new party in which labor might be more directly influential than in the old ones. The result has been to check and chill the agitation whenever it arose. Now for the first time in history the action of the Executive Council gives the advocates of such a party free rein to drive ahead. For the best method of achieving their aim is to pile up a big vote for La Follette—and in this they have the hearty support of the Executive Council. If no new party is formed, the Federation has nothing to recant. Yet it has in effect wished God-speed to those who, without its official sanction, desire to form and influence a new party such that the Federation may continue to recommend its platforms and candidates.

In one respect the action of the Federation was not predictable. It might have contented itself with a statement comparing the platforms and candidates in such a way that all could see where its preferences lie, and still might not have taken an active part in the campaign. Such a course would, however, have been as incautious as any attack on an enemy's stronghold in less than full force. The Federation could not be silent. Speaking, it must favor La Follette. Having gone so far, it could not rest, and still maintain after the election that its political recommendations carried any weight with union members. It must take a leading part in the campaign, and prove that the labor vote counts. Such proof is more essential this year than ever before, since the action of both old parties shows that they have not seriously reckoned with the Federation. The fervor of the A. F. of L.'s action arises from shrewd statesmanship as well as from strong conviction. Mr. Gompers would not have remained in the saddle so long if he had the habit of doing things by halves.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK
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Our Professional Patriots

I. Ralph Easley: Dean of the Prodigy

WE are presently going to have a Preparedness Day in order to show what one hundred and ten millions of people could do about a war if they more than half wanted to do it. The thing wouldn't matter if the hundred and ten millions hadn't been just about half persuaded to the idea. The persuasion is the work of our prodigious patriots. You can safely leave "my country right, or wrong" to them any day in the week. They know how to bring the homely truths home. They will fill the press with copy, glowing or indignant as the occasion seems to demand; they will inspire the schools with their own ardor for unceasing and violent demonstration; they will scatter philippics broadcast from their lecture bureaus and through their pamphlets and leaflets; and they will invade Washington itself to cheer on the willing government official and shame the reluctant one. They might not be so bad, they might even be quite useful, if they weren't so consistently in favor of "my country wrong." For which, as an advertising man once said, there's a reason.

In the dark ages before the European War I was taken to see another Preparedness Day. I say "taken" because the expedition was a compliment paid by my father to my twelfth birthday. The occasion (it took place in Berlin) was a bi-annual review of the German armies by the Emperor William II. The Emperor wore his helmet of the Death's Head Hussars and rode a black horse with the Crown Prince as aide-de-camp. On the vast parade ground a miracle seemed to have been performed upon infinite, varied and gorgeous collections of made-in-Germany lead soldiers. I am pleased, as I write this twenty years after, to remember that I laughed at the goose step. I wasn't a precocious child, either. The laughter must have come from innate Americanism.

Our coming Preparedness Day is set for September 12 to break the tedium between the Glorious Fourth and Hallowe'en. Lately the government wrote me a letter to ask whether my services "would or would not" be available in case of "a minor emergency." The government asked the same question, presumably, of every member of the Reserve. I mention this merely to give the government due credit for evident and proper diffidence re Preparedness Day. All the more credit to the prodigious patriots who, for reasons of their own, put the deal through.

If a single representative of the professional patriotism which is engineering this show-off were equipped to cut half so fine a figure as the superb Hohenzollern, I might feel differently about Preparedness Day. Showing off demands effective theatricality, and a fine figure is a fine figure whatever it stands for. But among all our professional patriots, uniformed or muftied, we haven't even a semi-Hohenzollern. The spirit is willing, of course, but the flesh just isn't up to it.

Patriotic Measles

I'm out of sympathy with Preparedness Day because I can't make out what we're preparing for and because I've got into a disloyal Washingtonian prejudice against "those over-grown military establishments" and because I suspect anything which springs from that particular kind of Americanism. I see that particular kind as a symptom of a racial septic temperature. Some diseases—measles, for example—leave behind them inconvenient after-effects that have to be watched to prevent serious damage to eyes, ears and heart. War enthusiasm isn't unlike that. We haven't quite got the war poison out of our systems, and that's the truth of it. These patriots, Ralph Easley and Company, are the proof. Not that we didn't have them for some time before the War. But you'd be surprised at what the War did for them. If it jumped army second lieutenants to brigade commands, it jumped patriots to archangelships and multiplied them, too, like guinea pigs. Now they just can't settle back into their old obscurity. Other countries weren't blessed with them as we were. Partly, one supposes, because other countries hadn't our boyish enthusiasm for the War. Partly because they hadn't our eye for business as usual. The War to make the world safe for democracy made life exceedingly profitable for patriots. With a public very much alive to the sport of amateur espionage, they had only to organize, pass the hat, bank the proceeds and then cut loose after German propaganda, disloyal office holders, conscientious objectors and exigeant labor leaders. Things went beautifully until the Armistice and I've been told by men who were in Washington those days that organized patriotism gave the government more trouble and wasted more of the War's time than any other ten impediments.

After the War came Bolshevism. It served the organized patriots almost as well. To be sure, it required more imagination than the War because there was so much less of it. But the organized patriots made what there was go a long way (indeed, it is still going) and agitated for Lusk laws and Criminal Syndicalist laws and bigger and better deportations. They had firm allies, too, in the presidential ambitions of Attorney-General Palmer and in the publicity instincts of Mr. Burns.

After Bolshevism began to peter out and the public ceased to believe in the immanent revolution, the

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main spirits of organized patriotism were still able to carry on. They abandoned Bolshevism for a general radicalism, all inclusive, rather suspicious in its sometimes inexplicable catholicity. They looked more and more like maverick profiteers. It is interesting, now, to examine them scientifically. With all they keep up of menaces and Constitution worship and dangerous pacifist women and subversion of the loyalty of college students and this latest and greatest Preparedness Day, they fall pretty clearly into three camps. The bulk of them are merely fools. Some of them remain common and hopeful opportunists who trust to fate that something will always turn up to make them seem valuable. But the kernel of organized patriotism has very definite fish to fry for very recognizable appetites.

Patriotism—What Is It?

Somehow, one gets to wondering what a patriot really is and what his duties and obligations and characteristics are. Old Dr. Johnson, who felt bitterly on occasion, used the word in irony "for a factious disturber of the government." Dr. Johnson classed the patriotic lot as "scoundrels." It was Dryden who said: "Never was patriot yet but was a fool." The truth seems to lie somewhere between the two judgments. The truth seems to be that patriotism, like anything else, mustn't be carried too far. Every now and then, intelligent people get to resenting professional patriots.

The reason for that is that they aren't patriots at all. Taking disinterested love of country and self-sacrifice into all account, there doesn't seem to be much excuse for patriotism being a repressive force.

Most of the dead and gone heroes whom we worship as patriots began as revolutionists or, at best, as leaders of radical and disreputable minorities. If you were to sit George III down on the executive board of any of our patriotic organizations, he wouldn't see a pin to choose between Sam Adams and Bill Foster. The very word, patriot, got the shady meaning which Dr. Johnson accords it, from Irish dissatisfaction with the British government. The French Revolution left it downright obscene. And here are Ralph Easley and Company up against the impossible task of restoring such a term to its ancient and classical cleanliness. Think of Ralph Easley and Company dedicated for life and posterity to the rebellious and red-shirted society of Parnell and Garibaldi, revolutionists both and indubitable patriots both, though, perhaps, their patriotism wasn't as loudly self-acclaimed as the Easley variety.

The Patriotic Stitch in Time

Another important fact about patriotism is that it doesn't operate from ulterior motives. There's plenty of real and disinterested patriotism around that accepts traditional institutions and respects them without any fuss and doesn't mind changing them for the better and hasn't the least conscious disloyalty in criticising the policies of the government or in forgetting the Stars and Stripes and the words of the National Anthem while it sleeps and eats and goes about its business and half-heartedly hopes there won't be another war soon. There's nothing annoying or retarding or noisy or obvious or foolish about that. But Ralph Easley and Alton Parker and the dozen other leaders of the patriotic prodigy wouldn't be seen on the streets with it. It isn't good enough for them or for their purposes. It won't get up Preparedness Days or chase radicals or pacifists or youth movements or tear up school history texts or denounce free speech or generally worship the great god Constitution and generally interfere with, and repress, civil liberties and the First Amendment.

The trouble is that you don't get the Easley-Parker variety out of self-sacrifice and disinterested love of country. The kindest thing you can say for it is that it springs from prejudice and class interest. You can too often say of it that it serves the end of individual powerful business ventures and policies. Not for a moment would we have an American Constitutional Association in West Virginia with heavy endowments from Judge Gary if it were not for the West Virginian labor situation and the Open Shop movement. Without the Open Shop movement we'd lose the Key Men of America tomorrow. Elon Hooker would hardly bother about the American Defense Society if he weren't an electro-chemical manufacturer with a sensitive ear to what anti-war lecturers say about poison gas. The National Civic Federation (Ralph Easley's own) wouldn't go on much longer if it weren't that the great corporations who sit at the directors' table with Sam Gompers et al imagine that sitting there gives them an educational and influential weather eye on organized labor. You wouldn't have any Better Americans in Los Angeles if the I. W. W. and the Merchants and Manufacturers of Southern California were to bury the hatchet. Where would Constitution worship be if these radical and dangerous constitutional Amendments weren't threatening to raise the very devil with the free born American's right to employ child labor?

Dean Easley in Person

There are, it seems, patriots and patriots—the great unwashed kind to which most of us belong and the prodigious kind of which Ralph Easley is the dean and which leads the Key Men of America to announce that "the soldiers' bonus is an invention of foreign agencies seeking to destroy the government of the United States." Patriotism talking such nonsense is disillusioning and distressing. Patriotism talking such nonsense for a selfish purpose is disagreeable and just dangerous enough to demand a careful inspection. The story of it is the story of Dean Easley and the rise and degeneration of his National Civic Federation.

Dean Easley occupies a lofty office in the Metro-

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politan Tower in New York where you ring before entering. Officially, he is Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation. The walls of his office shine with the bright faces of great American patriots from Mark Hanna to Vincent Astor, members and officials all of his organization. Dean Easley himself is peppery without being spicy. He looks—if I were casting a ballet of pre-Volstead days—as though he would dance the rôle of *mint julep, ruddy, pungent* and frosted. This is no reflection upon his character or his habits. It is merely an ill-bred personal remark designed to give you an idea.

He started his patriotic career under the auspices, unholily combined, of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Jane Addams, with Lyman Gage as strong man when required. In those days it was the Civic Federation of Chicago (or words to that effect) and Dean Easley complains amusingly, now, that Lyman Gage's weakness for spiritualism made things trying at the beginning. He has since foresworn Jane Addams as one of those dangerous radical-pacifist women. I'm not sure that she, too, isn't "the most dangerous woman in America." You will be astonished, presently, to learn how many women have been patriotically nominated for that exalted position.

The Bold Beginnings

Dean Easley began with a great idea which he has never abandoned. He wanted to preserve the Manufacturers' Palace of the Chicago World's Fair as a Crystal Palace of Labor. That was in 1893 after he had come from Kansas to work for the Chicago Interocean. He is still living in a Crystal Palace of Labor dedicated to the life and works of Sam Gompers who is his dearest friend and white hope, socially and personally.

Dean Easley was inspired originally by the labor difficulties of the time, by the local stimulus of the recent international jolly-up at the fair grounds and by alarm for the political and social conditions of the city of his adoption. William Stead had just invaded Chicago and was spreading about him religious ardor over the Second Coming of the Messiah with Michigan Boulevard as its scene. Dean Easley talked over his exuberant plans with Stead, who gave him rapturous endorsement in an interview for the Interocean and called a mass-meeting of citizens, good and bad, to put the Easley vision into immediate realization with the credit for it reserved to himself. The meeting (it was enormous) included the fine flower of contemporary Chicago with large delegations from both political parties and the red light district, then in its heyday and world-famous. Stead directed matters with a hand, which, though undeniably mystic, seemed to Dean Easley and his group somewhat lacking in a sense of the expedient. They managed to get matters back under control and to proceed without any further collaboration from Stead whose book, When Christ Came to Chicago, made its sensation and is now forgotten.

No liberal could ask for more than the original Easley scheme. He speaks, now, of his own early writings as men are apt to speak of the sad dogs they once were. The initial Civic Federation meeting included representatives from the single taxers, the Socialists and even the anarchists. "The fact," says Easley, "that Socialism and anarchism were little understood at that time is evidenced by the fact of their representatives being invited to participate. . . ." Even with that bit of hedging, it is a far cry from the beginning of the National Civic Federation to its present stage.

The Civic Federation of Chicago did extremely well. The Easley instinct for associating himself with greatness and for balancing the powers of the greatnesses selected showed itself forthwith. In an Easlian wave of coöperation, all those early members got together and had the Chicago streets better cleaned. After that they conciliated some of the worst of Chicago's strikes. When the Spanish-American War came upon the country, the Federation felt itself called upon to assume a non-partisan national position, slightly opposed to imperialistic tendencies.

Dean Easley Becomes National

It drew up a prospectus and changed its name from Chicago to National. "The purpose of the National Civic Federation," it announced, "is to organize the best brains of the nation in an educational movement seeking the solution of some of the great problems related to social and industrial progress; to provide for study and discussion of questions of national import; to aid, thus, in the crystallization of the most enlightened public opinion; and, when desirable, to promote legislation in accordance therewith." It had got through anti-expansion with the aid of Carl Schurz and anti-trusts with the aid of William Jennings Bryan before it turned national and came to New York. It had Mark Hanna, then, as is first National President, with E. R. A. Seligman and John R. Commons to direct the discussion of taxation problems. Since that day its presidents have been, in succession, Mark Hanna, August Belmont, Seth Low, V. Everitt Macy and Alton B. Parker, the present incumbent, who once, in the dark ages, made a bad job of running against Roosevelt on the ultra-conservative ticket of that era of Democrats. It may as well be stated at once that it is very hard to live long enough to attain really professional patriotic stature.

Dean Easley's Labor Dream

No blanket condemnation is intended either of Mr. Easley or of his federation which differs, indeed, from all other organizations of the prodigiously patriotic class, in that it has behind it a record of some worth. The aim here is to outline the steps

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by which this pathfinder of the prodigious patriotism progressed from a courageous social experiment to a post-war 100 percentage and set the example to all the rest of the war and post-war variety. It is probably true that the National Civic Federation only became what it is today after it had outlived its founder's original vision, after its founder had himself outlived it.

In the beginning of the national organization, at least, Ralph Easley made one plan which, if I am not mistaken, lay at the bottom of everything else to which his organization committed itself, which certainly lay nearest his own heart. It was to put his friend, Sam Gompers, over in a big way. There is ample evidence to attest his accomplishment of this and his genuine and effective work in more than one important conciliation between organized labor and the employers. An official of the Railroad Brotherhoods writes me to reprove me for doubting the federation's value. He has "a very high regard for the federation and for the splendid work it has done throughout the years." The present organization stands a monument to the first dream of a crystal palace of labor, only the palace belongs to the Metropolitan Life and not to the Chicago World's Fair. There it is, though, with three groups on its executive committee: "on the part of the public, on the part of the employers and on the part of the wage earners" and with half the millions in America listed between the first two divisions and most of the hierarchy of the A. F. of L. listed in the third. There is the Easley purpose, too, reiterated always: "to bring together those employers willing to meet labor and those wage earners willing to meet the employers." A great scheme which nobody can deny, but which has, by a curious trick of fate and growing old and stiff, become something very like a public nuisance. For that very same Railroad Brotherhood official can confidentially explain his continued membership (his cohorts are given to asking him about it) by saying that "although he is entirely out of sympathy with the aims of the federation, he still believes it is worth while for him to be enough on the inside to know what is going on."

The Truth Will Out

The strongest plank in the Easley platform and the chief selling factor of his federation is still the industrial relations, "capital *and* labor, now and forever, one and inseparable" proposition. It is that which brings the money in when the hat is passed and which once justified the federation's existence and which, for all that may be said to the contrary, no longer justifies it.

It is that, too, which, a few years since moved two wholly uncongenial points of view to equally vituperative condemnation of the federation. Ralph Easley is still fond of quoting his enemies because they contrast so vividly in their reasons for attacking him. He made a pamphlet (one of his favorites among his published works) out of some correspondence between himself and Morris Hillquit in 1911. In that pamphlet Mr. Hillquit speaks his mind out, finding "the game played by the National Civic Federation . . . the shrewdest yet devised by the employers of any country. It takes nothing from capital, it gives nothing to labor, and it does it all with such an appearance of boundless generosity that some of the more guileless diplomats of the labor movement are overwhelmed by it. . . . To the organized labor movement, the policy of the Civic Federation is the most subtle and insidious poison. It robs it of its independence, virility and militant enthusiasm; it hypnotizes or corrupts its leaders, weakens its ranks and demoralizes its fights. . . ."

Martin Luther in Los Angeles

Mr. Hillquit wrote that to Ralph Easley. That and much more which we shall later examine. Ralph Easley turned the other cheek to Mr. Hillquit and showed him, thereon, the imprint of a very different hand. A certain Kirby, then President of the National Association of Manufacturers had been, in the Easley phrase, "expending a great deal of his surplus time and energy in abusing the National Civic Federation." Mr. Easley has always been justly proud of the Kirby attack.

"The American Federation of Labor," so run the Kirby words as Mr. Easley quoted them to Mr. Hillquit, "is engaged in an open warfare against Jesus Christ and his cause . . . and those who profess Christ, yet hobnob with the leaders of that wicked conspiracy and give them encouragement . . . cannot segregate themselves from responsibility that attaches to such affiliation. On that issue, therefore, I challenge the National Civic Federation to disprove my charges and, if my conservatism is denounced as radicalism, then my mind goes back to Los Angeles and I take refuge in the stand of Martin Luther: "Here I stand; I can do nothing else; God help me!' "

I have given up trying to puzzle out what Mr. Kirby meant by connecting Martin Luther with Los Angeles. I suppose that it is just one of those things we say in perorations and that Mr. Kirby, like Merton of the Movies, was an unconscious humorist. The point is that Mr. Easley's Civic Federation with its really visionary platform of bringing capital and labor together about the same table pleased neither the benevolent despots of the Open Shop nor the captious critics of the Socialist party and for that all credit is due.

The End of a Perfect Day

Unfortunate, however, was the policy of Theodore Roosevelt. It brought the government more and more into labor disputes and more and more the official bureau, and commission of labor conciliation came to be created and less and less did the Civic Federation have to do in the direction origin-

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ally indicated by its founder. It had finally to abandon entirely its conciliation department because official action had taken all that unto itself. And Mr. Easley, without anything like a war to help him, had to cast around for immediate self-justification. He maintained his labor affiliations, but his real job lay elsewhere. His real job, from that point, became clearly dictated by the members of his executive committee who represented the public and the employers and who, it is manifest, paid the federation's bills and his own salary.

Two quotations illustrate the change which brought Ralph Easley from his first position to his present patriotism. The first is from a letter written to me by a labor leader who is one of his labor group on his executive committee:

> Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, a number of us took an active part in attending the meetings of the Civic Federation. There were the representatives of capital and the representatives of labor and those who they claim represented the public . . . and we discussed the situation, each side defending and explaining . . . Mr. Easley, as secretary . . . assisted me in securing a number of conferences with companies which resulted in settlements to our organization, among them being San Francisco, New Orleans and other points. He also helped me to secure conferences with employers that we were unable to reach in any other way. He never participated in our conferences or sought to interfere . . . But, in the work of bringing us together, he has been very useful and very kind . . . The policies seem to have changed somewhat regarding the holding of joint meetings and, since that time, I have not participated in any of its work . . .

The other is a quotation from the constitution of the United Mine Workers of America:

> Mine managers, top foremen, operators' commissioners, persons engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors and members of the Civic Federation shall not be eligible to membership.

Unlucky, well meaning Ralph Easley! His organization was perfectly fitted to lead any vision astray. In 1914, when he had already got well along his present career of attacking anything and anybody which or who might offend his handsomely furnished backers and directors, one of his victims, a college president, found that:

> The National Civic Federation was . . . not playing fair with either side of the capitalist-labor controversy. On the one hand it was seeking to make its capitalistic supporters believe that it was a force tending toward the control and curbing of labor agitations. On the other hand it was pretending to labor leaders that it represented a group of capitalists who were anxious for sane relationship . . . In the words of a good many competent critics, it was safe to assume that the National Civic Federation . . . was taking care to maintain itself and its organizing genius.

And another economic scholar called it "an employers' association."

Mischief for Idle Hands

The original by-laws provided the federation with standing committees on foreign relations, insular affairs, banking and currency, interstate and foreign commerce, consular and diplomatic service, military and naval affairs, labor, education, municipal government, taxation, civil service, Indian affairs and the Negro question. Later developments have dropped some of these and added others: a department on current economic and political movements, of which Mr. John Hays Hammond is the august chairman; a welfare department with Louis A. Coolidge at its head; a woman's department under the supervision of Miss Maude Wetmore; a workingmen's compensation department under August Belmont; a social insurance department under Warren S. Stone; a department on public health under Alvah H. Doty and, last, but not least, the department on the study of revolutionary movements in which Condé Pallen and Archie Stevenson hold forth to the glory of the American tradition and interpret the First Amendment for those who don't understand it as they do.

It is clear that Mr. Easley had not far to look for remunerative trouble. It is clear that, under those various heads, plenty of subjects were to be found on which valuable propaganda might be developed at the expense of Messrs. Nicholas Brady, George B. Cortelyou, Coleman du Pont, Marshall Field, Haley Fiske, Elon Hooker, Samuel Mather, Ogden Mills, Daniel Willard, August Belmont, Franklin MacVeagh, Oscar Strauss, John Hays Hammond and, even, Theodore Roosevelt and Nicholas Murray Butler, all officials of his committees. When they gave out, there were so many others, Finley Shephard and his wife, the active and liberal Helen Gould, among them. And much work had to be done before Ralph Easley could arrive at the point of telling his membership and the world "that the so-called liberal groups in the United States cannot longer be-cloud the situation."

After Us, the Deluge

With its labor policy cooked by official interference and a good deal of side line criticism and suspicion, the National Civic Federation just cut loose and went patriotic. It ran wildly abroad after the inside story of municipal ownership, it became benevolently and paternalistically anxious for the comfort of the working population. It began discovering that all sorts of reformers were Socialists and couldn't say enough against those who stood out for such reforms as a more generous treatment of children in factories. It made inventories of social conditions and investigated Socialism and discussed workmen's compensation and studied the limits of free speech and prison reform and gen-

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erally created so much of a stir that people began to know about it.

When the War broke out in Europe, it was the first into the breach of preparedness and amateur espionage, all without abandoning its discussions of welfare and profit sharing and radical renegade unions. In the beginning of 1917, with the rest of the mushroom growth of patriotic organization, these national civic federators rushed into a National Defense Committee to further industrial mobilization and military training camps, and in August, 1918, we find them busy with their first campaign to counteract Bolshevism in God's and allied countries.

Although these American Fascisti may have been annoying enough to various individuals and authorities during the progress of the War, it wasn't until after the Armistice that they really got under way after civil liberties. And it is with that period of their activities that we shall be most concerned in the ensuing articles.

The point here is the gradual degeneration of a really interesting and arresting idea into mere propaganda for the interests behind it, for Sam Gompers and for the Department of Justice—with showy excursions into the popular hysterics of the hour, war heroics, Bolshevism, pacifism and radicalism in quick succession. Mr. Easley and the National Civic Federation are far more to be respected than any other of our organizations of the American Fascisti, but there are a few things to be said about their labors none the less.

Mr. Hillquit Specifies

Mr. Morris Hillquit said some—more than Mr. Easley quotes in self-advertisement. Mr. Morris Hillquit went fairly deeply into the labor alliance which distinguishes Mr. Easley from the others of his kind. Mr. Hillquit charged on specific counts.

> Take your stand on workmen's compensation. It is characteristic of your federation. "To all employers of labor it is of the highest importance that fair and equitable compensation law be placed on the statutes of our various industrial states in place of the present liability laws. If this is not done the workmen will insist on legislation which will sweep away all the defenses of the employer, leaving him at the mercy of jury decisions in suits pressed by shyster, ambulance chasing lawyers."
>
> What is really meant by this eloquent and touching admonition is about this: The workers of this country have recently begun to show signs of revolt against our barbaric system of law, which practically gives them no redress for injuries sustained in the course of their employment. They are discussing and formulating demands for radical legislative reforms on this subject and there is danger that this agitation may give rise to a powerful political labor movement along Socialist lines. To forestall this dire possibility, the watchful Civic Federation has drafted a measure of its own, a "Compensation" act that would not compensate the workers, nor hurt the employers, and now it seeks to divert the movement of the workers into the shallow channels thus created by it. And so it is with all other reforms of the federation. They are cheap and trivial . . .

In spite of the fact that an argument between Morris Hillquit and Ralph Easley can only come down to the pot calling the kettle black, Mr. Easley could not answer those charges because they completely hit the nail on the head. Some of his own labor men have told me how carefully and how warily they have had to move in order to avoid being trapped into acceptances and obligations and agreements dictated by the public and employer majority of the Civic Federation committee.

These Socialistic Reforms

We do not really see what happened to Easley's one time sincere labor policy until we find the stand of the National Civic Federation upon measures of humanitarian import which, for self-evident reasons, labor supported and capital opposed. There isn't much sign of a sincere labor feeling in the letter which Easley signed a year since about old age pensions, and the reactions of his own labor men were swift and clear. Easley is passing the hat for his federation:

> If convenient, will you please send check to our welfare department for $100 to help in the campaign we are waging against non-contributory old age state pensions? . . . We have sent to key men in all states having legislative sessions . . . I enclose a copy of our report on old age pensions which shows conclusively that we should oppose any such legislation in this country . . . The abstract sent you under separate cover was also mailed to newspapers in every state, to each governor and to leaders in each senate and assembly . . .

The report, written by P. Tecumseh Sherman, is commented upon by Louis A. Coolidge in an introductory page. "Of course," says Mr. Coolidge, "the proposal for state legislation is purely Socialistic and pauperizing in its tendencies." I don't contradict Mr. Coolidge on that, though Mr. Sherman's report merits a really seriously flippant review. We shall meet Mr. Coolidge later as a patriotic opponent of the Child Labor amendment. For the present, observe the reaction of Mr. Easley's own labor men to his stand upon a social question.

"Aha!" Said the Duck, Laughing

Said Warren S. Stone: "It is true that I am a member of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation, but I am not responsible for anything sent out by Mr. Easley; for the reason that none of his communications are sent to me or to other members of the Executive Committee for either approval or disapproval." Thus the Locomotive Engineers.

Said President Mahon of the Street Railway

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Union: "I would inform you that I am not in sympathy with Mr. Easley's efforts. . . . While my name is carried on the list of the National Civic Federation, I have not attended a meeting or participated in the work of that organization for a number of years and do not know anything of their progress or policies at the present time."

And John A. Voll and Daniel J. Tobin and Timothy Healy, all strong labor men and true and all members of the Easley Committee, said the same and so did Sam Gompers who found himself and the American Federation of Labor accused of "quietly organizing opposition to old age pension legislation," a report that took substantiation, at least, from the alliance between the A. F. of L. and the National Civic Federation.

It is all very well for Ralph Easley to rail at "The Balkans of American Industry (which is as revolutionary as anything in Europe) . . . the Amalgamated Clothing Workers . . . not an American but a Russian movement, coddled by the radical elements in our churches, colleges and social reform movements." It is all very well for Easley to insist that his labor policies are only decided by unanimous vote and for him to print condemnations of his organization for supporting trade-unionism. Nearly everything he has done about labor since the abolition of his conciliation work has been neither more nor less what it claimed to be than this attack on old age pensions. His spy reports, his own, as he confessed, did more than anything else to block the Inter-church World Movement's attempt to arbitrate the great steel strike of 1919. And, though Mr. Easley has repeatedly foresworn the Steel Corporation, he never allowed his labor sympathies to involve him in any controversy with it and, so far as I have been able to learn, never went even so far as to criticize the twelve-hour day. His woman's department circulates welfare literature written and published by the Steel Corporation and that seems to be the furthest point ever reached by his labor policies in connection with the steel industry.

A Word to the Wise

It is most strange of all that Samuel Gompers should stick to such company as the Civic Federation affords him unless, as that other labor leader explained, he, too, "believes it worth while to know what is going on." The truth of the much advertised labor liberalism of this dean of our prodigious, professional patriots is that he extends a glad hand to the workers and offers a white-wash brush to his financial backers many of whom, worthy gentlemen that they are, see just this white-washing value in patriotism. The labor record of the recent years of the National Civic Federation pretty well justifies all that Mr. Hillquit said of it, all that a worker wrote of it, not long since, when I began to look into Easlian claims and facts.

"Who supports it?" this worker asked. "Not labor. The plutes. Therefore it serves them and their interests. They never contribute to such organizations for their health."

That is about the truth. It is a pathetic truth for an organization which set forth so gallantly thirty years ago. I went to the last conference of the National Civic Federation in the Hotel Astor in April. There was Alton B. Parker sitting on the platform and an audience which rivalled his maturity sitting at his feet and a cynical ring of newspaper men along the sidelines with Archie Stevenson peeking through the door like a sinister gargoyle. They talked about preparedness and participation in party politics and what is the line of safety between ultra pacificism and extreme militarism and what are the fundamental differences between the American and British labor movements and how this country is getting along and improving every day.

All well enough, but for the smell of white-wash and the querulous complacency of the atmosphere. All very pathetic when you saw the revered dean helping his revered backers and associates to sit down and get up again.

Envoi

So much for the professed labor liberalism of the National Civic Federation. What part it plays in combatting the radical menace, and the Constitution-criticizing menace, and the pacifist menace, and the youth movement menace and all the other menaces which make life in this country one long peril, we shall see as we study such of Mr. Easley's works as The War on Patriotism and The Youth Movement: Do We Want It Here? and Mr. Stevenson's leaflet on Free Speech. We shall see as we follow each one of these patriot fox hunts with Dean Easley and with his rivals and confrères of the American Defense Society, and the Better America Federation, and the National Security League, and the Key Men of America, and the Woman Patriot, and the American Constitutional League, and the Public Interests League of Massachusetts, and the Sentinels of the Republic and all the others who stand up for Lincoln and Washington and their own personal view of things.

As to the National Civic Federation it has come from its Chicago inception to playing up the fashion in Menaces to the American Tradition by vituperative attacks on the men and women connected with them, and to advertising the late fetiches of William J. Burns and the present fetiches of Sam Gompers, and to justifying Archie Stevenson's description of itself.

"We stand," said Mr. Stevenson to me, "with the American people and the American people are opposed to change." Which may or may not be the case.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(Note: This is the first of a series of articles, of which the second will appear in an early issue.)

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Editorials, Judges and Jails

THE court of San Miguel county is in session. Judge D. J. Leahy has shambled in from a side room and has taken his position on the raised platform.

The judge is a six footer. When he stoops over his desk to fumble with papers an expanse of red nose predominates the judicial scene.

No one rises as the judge enters the court room.

If the audience had risen when the judge entered the room a series of clatters and perhaps of explosions would have shattered the steady silence. Six shooters slide out of the hip pocket when the body breaks a right angle. There are no six shooters in evidence. But they are there. One who has stood at the bottom of the stairs has seen revolver butt after revolver butt protruding from hip pockets in ascent.

"Case 5958 is docketed for trial," discovers the judge as he thumbs through papers on his desk.

Case 5958 is the case of San Miguel county against Carl C. Magee. The charge is contempt of court. The six foot defendant sprawls in a wicker jury chair. The serenity of his steel gray eyes belies his record. This is not the first time he has appeared in this court to answer charges of contempt of court. A year and two weeks ago he was found guilty by the same judge of contempt of the same court on four charges and was sentenced by the same judge to one year in the San Miguel county jail. He was fined $4,000. Previously he was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary on charges of criminal libel in this same court room. Three days later, before he had entered jail, the governor had pardoned him and had declared the proceedings a "blot on the state." Thus justice had been thwarted.

The defendant, an editor with access to his state, had gone on writing things about the court of San Miguel county. About the "Kingdom of San Miguel."

This morning the state is represented by two able lawyers, Roberts, C .J., and Askren, O. O. Both gentlemen represented the state a year ago. Their time is always at the disposal of the state and of the San Miguel county court when contempt of court is the issue and Carl Magee is the defendant. The district attorney, elected representative of the state, is not present. It appears later that he was sick, oh, so sick at the stomach. He was forced to go home and lie down.

It happens that the defendant is a Democrat. It happens that the judge is a Republican. It happens that the special prosecutors are Republicans. It happens that counsel for the defense are Democrats. Chief counsel for the defense, R. H. Hanna, withdraws appearance because the defendant has told him that if he opens his mouth he will go to jail for contempt of court. An attorney is more valuable out of jail.

Two weeks previously the attorneys for the defense were reinstated to practise in this court. Disbarment proceedings resulting from connection with the defendant a year ago have just been disposed of by the Supreme Court.

The defendant, Carl C. Magee, rises to announce in a monotone that he wishes to stand mute to the charge of contempt of court. The judge directs the clerk to enter a plea of not guilty for the defendant. The judge directs special prosecutors for the state to proceed with any evidence indicating that the defendant is in contempt of the San Miguel county court.

In seven minutes the evidence is complete. On July 7 of last year the defendant's newspaper printed a comment on a pending case, a pending contempt case against Carl Magee. The offending editorial asserted the cards were stacked.

The defendant stands mute. He is found guilty of contempt of court. The judge so finds him.

The second case is handled with admirable dispatch. An editorial of July 17 this year comments on a pending case. A contempt of court case against Carl Magee. The editorial asserts the defendant will have no more chance in the court of Judge D. J. Leahy than a lamb with a butcher. The paper is identified. The case is complete.

The defendant stands mute. He is found guilty of contempt of court. The judge announces that he so finds him.

"Have you anything to say as to why judgment of the court should not be pronounced on you?" blandly inquires the judge.

"I have nothing to say," replies the defendant courteously, "only that I deny that I am being accorded due process of law, and I deny that this is a court."

There is a deeper silence in the court room. The judge stares at the defendant.

"You deny that this is a court? Is that correct?"

"That is correct." The defendant is courteous.

"That is untrue, unjust, and unwarranted and you know it, and you are in direct contempt of court and I so find you in direct contempt of court."

Ten minutes have passed and the judge is still telling the prisoner what he thinks of him. The prisoner, he is now a prisoner, has been found guilty on three buxom counts of contempt of court, and is standing before the judge, shifting the weight from one foot to the other as his six feet of bulk becomes weary.

"You are a low down skunk, except that a skunk has a white stripe. There is nothing white about you."

"You are a political harlot from Oklahoma."

"You are a measly yellow cur."

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"It is difficult to find words to describe one of your kind."

It is Judge D. J. Leahy of the San Miguel county court speaking. He is speaking of the defendant, Carl C. Magee, editor of the New Mexico State Tribune. It just happens that Judge D. J. Leahy is a Republican. It just happens that Magee is a Democrat. It just happens that the State Tribune is the leading Democratic paper of the state. It just happens that for more than a year Magee, through the Tribune, has been making a drive on what he terms the corruption of the San Miguel county court as represented by Judge D. J. Leahy.

The judge proceeds in leisurely fashion with his epithets. He digresses to refer to a group of Las Vegas citizens as a mob. The citizens welcomed Magee at his hotel the night previous. He characterizes the leader of the band who met Magee as a pro-German. Judge Leahy digresses leisurely to a reading of letters of recommendation, all reciting the personal integrity of Judge D. J. Leahy. The letters are from prominent Democratic leaders. Each of them emphasizes the estimable qualities of Judge D. J. Leahy.

It happens that each of the letters of recommendation is written by a prominent enemy of the prisoner. At last the judge is through. The prisoner is sentenced to from three months to six months in the San Miguel county jail and the sheriff is instructed to take him in custody.

"I have three requests to make," declares the defendant. "I ask three days in which to prepare habeas corpus proceedings."

"It is denied."

"Some of my friends fear for my safety. I ask that a deputy to be selected from my friends be stationed inside the jail with me."

"You will be perfectly safe and the request is denied."

"I ask that I be placed in a separate cell and not be compelled to live with the other prisoners."

The judge swivels slowly in his chair.

"Although there is some merit in what you request—I should like to see the other prisoners kept from contamination by one of your kind—the thing is not in the function of the court. The request is therefore denied."

The judge then rises from his chair and disappears from the court room. A hundred pairs of eyes centre on the tall, gray haired prisoner with the steely gray eyes. A brown-skinned sheriff, with wide-brimmed hat, approaches.

A hundred guns sit tightly in a hundred hip pockets. A hundred trigger fingers itch. A hundred hands move slowly toward a hundred hip pockets.

The prisoner smiles amiably at the sheriff. The tension is broken. Friends of the prisoner flock to his side, extending hands. They flock behind him and the sheriff to the doors of the San Miguel county jail. The jail doors open and the tall gray haired man enters. He is taken to a cell.

An editor has upheld the freedom of the press.

* * *

Justice has liquidated and Carl C. Magee, editor in contempt of court, is in a cell of the San Miguel county jail. While he sits on an iron cot and writes an editorial for tomorrow a dozen scrawny natives with stodgy shotguns are following orders. They are carefully guarding their prey. A dozen armed men in dirty overalls, with unshaven faces, and with brown paper cigarettes lolling from their lips, are guarding the lone six footer with the iron gray hair. They are guarding his pencil and his pad of paper. They are opening his mail. They scan its contents as avidly as though it were not in English.

* * *

An executive pardon is rushed from Santa Fé over perilous roads by the adjutant general. The pardons are presented to the sheriff in the murky corridor of the San Miguel county jail. The sheriff views them carelessly and shakes his head. He cannot honor them. They are incorrect. He has glanced at three type-written pardons from the governor and has pronounced them incorrect.

The gray-eyed editor remains in jail. The dozen guards scatter in skirmish formation about the crooked winding streets in San Miguel county.

Justice is upheld.

Two days later the sheriff is served with a writ of habeas corpus issued by the Supreme Court. On the morning the prisoner is to leave for Santa Fe another pardon is handed to the sheriff. It is a memorandum from the governor ordering the sheriff to release Carl Magee from custody. The sheriff views it casually and announces he must consult his attorneys.

* * *

The editor is not in jail. He is at liberty under $2,500 bond while the Supreme Court decides whether the governor may pardon him for what Judge Leahy has termed direct contempt of court.

Meanwhile, the editor writes and the state reads.

EDWARD H. SHAFFER.

Lull Before Storm

The winds . . . that slay all color as they run:
Pale lilac, gold of marigolds, bright hues
Unnumbered petals drain out of the sun . . .
Lie down with naked lilies in white truce.
No leaf nor flower trembles in the noose
Encircling its doomed fragileness . . . but one:
Petunias . . . bend quivering . . . like nuns
When marching dawns bring rumors of near guns.

Not yet shall pansies . . . darker than a bruise . . .
By torn-out scarlets of hibiscus lie
In gaudy deaths . . . festooning the bleak ground . . .
Nor faded pinks that have no more to lose:
Petunias will be the first to die
And go down quietly without a sound.

LOLA RIDGE.

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Oil and American Foreign Policy

THE manner in which business interests become identified with the national welfare and the national welfare identified with business interests is well set forth in these two books. If one may judge from the work of the authors, we are in for an era of oil imperialism and oil wars, for, M. de la Tramerye * informs us, "even the most powerful political alliances are subordinate to the question of oil, and he who has oil has empire." Having seen the handiwork of predatory oil interests in our domestic politics, we Americans should at least be open-minded regarding oleaginous influences in international relations.

At the bottom of the oil problem, as it is viewed by business men and diplomatists, are two generally accepted facts: first, the enormously increased importance of oil in commerce and in war; second, the exhaustibility of the world's oil resources. M. de la Tramerye has three excellent chapters upon these fundamentals. He analyzes, for example, the economy and efficiency of oil-burning as compared with coal-burning ships, indicating that sea-power ultimately must depend upon oil-power. Industrial prosperity and military strength being dependent upon adequate and uninterrupted supplies of petroleum, M. de la Tramerye reproaches the French government for failure to obtain its full share of the unappropriated oil resources of the world. To him the world struggle for oil is being carried on between Great Britain and the United States, with France unwittingly becoming a tail to England's kite. One rejoices in hearing Briand and Poincaré accused of being modest in their foreign policies but questions the validity of the author's conclusions. This book is frankly written from the point of view of a doctrinaire mercantilist. It is more valuable as a presentation of interesting and important facts than as a constructive contribution to a solution of the international oil problem.

Messrs. Davenport and Cooke * emphatically do not believe that the rights and wrongs of the Anglo-American oil controversy can be judged on purely national lines. They are Englishmen, but they wield their cudgels vigorously without much regard to whether it be English or American heads that are cracked. Winston Churchill is their enfant terrible and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey their bête noire. They roundly denounce the British government for going into the oil business, but they are obviously unimpressed by the pious pronunciamentos of the Department of State regarding the sacred American principle of the "open door." The numerous, although comparatively unimportant, errors of fact are apparently the result of carelessness rather than bias. Making allowances for minor faults, theirs is the best book which has yet been written upon the influence of oil in international politics in general and Anglo-American relations in particular. It is less credulous and far more critical than the work of M. de la Tramerye.

Americans will find much material for sober contemplation in the story which the authors relate regarding the liaison between the petroleum industry and the various government departments at Washington. Two important questions of public policy immediately come to the fore. The first is a domestic question concerned with the conservation of our oil resources; the second is a question of foreign policy—whether business men shall have the right to expect and the government shall be permitted to render diplomatic support to the activities of American oil prospectors abroad. In a sense, of course, these questions of conservation at home and oleaginous diplomacy abroad are two sides of the same question. The depletion of our petroleum reserves may be due as much to prodigality as to scarcity. Although there is produced within the territory of the United States about 70 percent of the world's annual output of oil, it is said that this production is inadequate for the demands of the American market. Assuming that this be so—and there is evidence to the contrary—it serves to call attention to the fact that no other nation in the world approaches ours in wastefulness in methods of production, distribution, and consumption of petroleum products. A well known British oil magnate has stated that Americans have dealt with their oil resources "in the pioneer spirit of unmitigated pillage, have recklessly squandered and in sixty years run through a legacy which, properly conserved, should have lasted for at least a century and a half." This well may be contrasted with a statement made by Mr. Herbert Hoover in August, 1921:

"Unless our nationals reënforce and increase their holdings abroad, we shall be dependent upon other nations for the supply of this vital commodity within a measurable number of years. The truth of the matter is that other countries have conserved their oil at the expense of our own. We must go into foreign fields and in a big way."

Vigorous prospecting abroad, not intelligent conservation at home, has been the concern of the Republican administration since it took office in March, 1921.

The oil policy of the United States since the Armistice has been based upon two bogeys: the bogey of the rapid exhaustion of our domestic sup-

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The World Struggle for Oil, by P. de la Tramerye, translated from the French by C. Leonard Leese. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations, by E. H. Davenport and S. R. Cooke. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

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plies of petroleum; the bogey of a British monopoly of petroleum resources abroad. The nervousness of the American press regarding the rapid depletion of the oil fields of the United States has been inspired by an organized propaganda of the oil interests themselves and by the conscious or unconscious support of that propaganda by the Department of Commerce, the Department of State, the United States Geological Survey (many of the employes of which on leave and on vacation accept employment from oil producers) the Federal Trade Commission, the Secretary of the Interior, and others. The charges of the existence of a British monopoly abroad were based upon the fact that the British government engages in the petroleum industry through ownership of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and upon the fiction (authorship of Mr. Albert B. Fall) that "Great Britain has deliberately pursued a policy of obtaining governmental control of all the great oil companies in which British subjects have been interested, and going beyond this, has secured practical if not sole control of the great Royal Dutch-Shell and other foreign companies." These charges were further based upon the fact that there is discrimination against the investment of non-British capital in the oil fields of certain of the Dominions and Crown Colonies and upon the fiction (authorship of Mr. Frank L. Polk, endorsed by the Federal Trade Commission, and authenticated by Mr. Albert B. Fall) that British regulations specifically debarred American companies from prospecting in Burmah and India. Finally the charges were substantiated by the fact of the San Remo Agreement and by the fiction(authorship of Mr. Bainbridge Colby) of a great Anglo-French conspiracy to keep American oil prospectors out of the mandated areas and overseas possessions of Great Britain and France. Because of the small element of truth in each of them, these twin bogeys of dwindling resources at home and a boycott abroad had the desired effect, to quote Mr. Fall, of "arousing the patriotic American people to the realization that truly we were facing a crisis which would have a serious effect upon the prosperity and actual safety of the United States." But Messrs. Davenport and Cooke remain unconvinced, along with the reviewer, and call attention to the fact that "scarcity" and "monopoly" are the favorite slogans of any oil salesman desirous of maintaining high prices.

Although this book was written before Senator Walsh had exposed Mr. Fall's liaison with Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair, the authors were suspicious of the disinterested patriotism of Mr. Harding's Secretary of the Interior. They expected, of course, that he would openly support American petroleum interests in Mexico, but they were astounded that any public official should become the avowed proponent of the oil companies on all occasions. Within three weeks after taking the oath of office Mr. Fall was instrumental, along with Senator Lodge, in bringing about the ratification of the Treaty with Colombia which these two statesmen had so stubbornly resisted during the administration of Woodrow Wilson. In defense of the treaty Mr. Fall wrote a letter to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate which is one of the most astounding of our recent apologia for naked economic imperialism. The letter, unfortunately not quoted by Messrs. Davenport and Cooke, was a gratuitous defense of the petroleum industry of the United States as a business which is "directed by intelligent and broad-minded men" who have been unjustly vilified by the American press and American officials. In addition, it was a presumptuous appeal for the ratification of the treaty on the grounds that "American oil interests are much interested in the friendly settlement of all outstanding difficulties with Colombia and in drawing more closely the commercial relations of the two countries through political friendship." It was wiser to appropriate $25,000,000 of public funds as a bribe to the government of Colombia and as a subsidy to American oil prospectors than to allow the Colombian oil fields, in the vicinity of the Panama Canal, to fall into the hands of the Royal Dutch-Shell combine or some other company controlled by the British government (sic). Thus reasoned Mr. Fall and thus ended Mr. Wilson's honest attempt, without any quid pro quo, to indemnify Colombia for the Panama revolution of 1903.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon other aspects of Mr. Fall's maladministration—Mexico, the Roxana Petroleum case, his perpetuation of a known canard regarding British oil policy in India, his undignified and discourteous newspaper brawls with the British Ambassador. We understand now motives and actions which three years ago were unintelligible. But the responsibility remains of preventing a recurrence.

The authors do not make the most of their chapter on American Inconsistencies. They condemn the British government's policy of participating in the oil business, but they point out that criticism of that policy comes with poor grace from the government of the United States which has been actively engaged in the shipping business since 1918. They are out of sympathy with discriminatory legislation in favor of British companies operating in British territory, but they resent retaliatory measures by the United States on the ground that retaliation confuses the issues and postpones a peaceful settlement. So far so good. But they might have gone farther and challenged the doctrine of the "open door" as contrary to American protectionist traditions. They well might have demonstrated that when the British government discriminates against non-British capital in the development of the natural resources of British territories it is but carrying to its logical conclusion the established American procedure of discriminating against non-American goods in the American market. In the latter case the importa-

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tion of merchandise, in the former case the importation of capital, is impeded by artificial barriers. Granted the principle of protectionism, there is no substantial reason why it should not be applied to raw materials and investments as well as to markets. There are other holes in the American armor which the authors have not pierced.

As regards the solution of the international oil problem Messrs. Davenport and Cooke believe that the United States and Great Britain should agree upon the fundamental principle of allowing their oil interests to fight their own battles, legal and financial; the British government should withdraw from the management of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and both countries should neither encourage nor support oil prospectors abroad. They look askance at excessive British zeal for the economic resources of Persia and Mesopotamia, as well as at excessive American interference in Mexico and Central America. They consider "a great illusion" the idea that he who has oil has power, and assert their belief that he who has power will always be able to get oil; therefore it is the height of absurdity for the United States and Great Britain, of all nations, to be squabbling over the world's oil resources. They agree with the late Walter H. Page that oil, commerce, and foreign investments amount to little in comparison with the friendship of the American and British peoples. To the unsophisticated reviewer all of this appears to be obvious good sense.

The determination of a proper public policy toward American oil interests operating abroad is one of the most serious problems which face the American electorate during the coming campaign. It cannot be made a partisan issue, for the Wilson administration no less than the Harding and Coolidge administration, was solicitous of the welfare of American petroleum companies in foreign fields. It was Mr. Wilson's Acting Secretary of State, Mr. Frank L. Polk, who disseminated a miscellaneous collection of truths and half-truths regarding British colonial policy which four years of diplomatic correspondence have not satisfactorily cleared up. It was Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, who started the Anglo-American controversy regarding the Mesopotamian oil fields. It was Mr. Wilson's former Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. William G. McAdoo, who went to Mexico as an attorney of oil companies and who has since boasted that he was in thorough accord with the policy of coercing Mexico into nullification of Article Twenty-seven of the Constitution of 1917. And it was the Democratic party in convention assembled which endorsed the following "petroleum plank" in the platform of 1920:

> The Democratic party recognizes the importance of the acquisition by Americans of additional sources of supply of petroleum and other minerals and declares that such acquisition both at home and abroad should be fostered and encouraged. We urge such action, legislative and executive, as may secure to American citizens the same rights in the acquirement of mining rights in foreign countries as are enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of any other nation.

The trouble is not altogether with our politicians and oil magnates. It is true, as Messrs. Davenport and Cooke suggest, that during the war "oil men became nationally-minded, and officials became commercially oil-minded." This identification of individual economic interest with the national welfare has survived the war. What is more, it has permeated our whole national life, so that like imperial Germany we have come to judge all questions in terms of national power. Our philosophy is the discredited mercantilism of the eighteenth century combined with the pathological nationalism of the twentieth. There will be no peace while we continue to think in terms of the war system, until we visualize an organized world in place of an anarchical world. We cannot approach a satisfactory solution of the oil problem, or any other international economic problem, until we have demobilized public opinion.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Unedited Opinions

II. American Literature

HAVE you examined American literature?

To the best of my European ability; but I must say you have made it very difficult.

How so? You do not mean, I hope, that American literature is difficult to read!

Not in the least. You are above all readable. Your press and advertisement writers have seen to that. No, I mean that American literature as a whole is practically inaccessible; and it would take a novice several years to get the perspective of it. I was saying the other day that you do not see European literatures as a whole, but only in fragments. For the same reasons you do not see your own literature as a whole. American literature—I mean American literary history—is as little realized in America as European literatures. A stranger may even be forgiven if he doubts its existence.

But we have histories of American literatures. Have you read the Cambridge history, for instance?

Sufficiently, thank you. But I was referring to

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something much simpler, a kind of skeleton plan to be filled in at one's discretion, a brief, well-defined survey, such, for example, as Stopford Brooke made for English literature. You know it, of course. Consider its simplicity, definition, continuity, and its strong clear framework. You can "place" any English work in Stopford Brooke's frame and see it in relation to the whole. That is the kind of survey I have not been able to find of American literature in America.

We have no Stopford Brooke.

That would not help you. Brooke did not write on a clean slate. Scores of attempts preceded his; and, in fact, he only summarized the work of his predecessors. It has been the same in all the European countries with a conscious literary history. Many writers had to sacrifice themselves before the final outlines were drawn. Judgment was delivered only after a superabundance of evidence had been heard. But I do not see in America any passion for getting your literary history clear. Your critics confine themselves to single biographies—very good ones, for the most part—or, at best, to literary "circles." Rarely do they attempt the broad generalization and historic survey essential to a comprehension of American literature as a whole.

What would you have?

An inspired craze for making American literature self-conscious, that is, aware of itself from the beginning to the present, and perhaps of its tomorrow as well. Literature, like all the arts and sciences, travels best in the light, and a well-defined history is the light it loves best. It can consciously see its way, instead of, as now, having to feel its way in the unconscious dark.

But you cannot make critics undertake this work. Presumably if there had been any demand for it, they would have met it.

You do your critics an injustice, I think; for they have undertaken many unprofitable literary tasks. When I think of the monographs your writers have compiled upon obscure English authors, I am aghast at your altruism. America may be said to encourage literary research in all histories but her own. No, that is not the explanation. I said that the craze would have to be inspired: I meant deliberately propagated.

By what means?

You have the enormous advantage in America of being able at a week's notice to act, think, talk and feel as one man (or woman!). Never in all history, I imagine, was a mass of people so immediately responsive to a single suggestion. Sometimes. I must confess, the prospects such a state of affairs opens up, appal me. A hundred million people capable of acting like one might be capable of anything. And certainly it would not be difficult to create an imperative demand for your own literary history. It should be almost a matter of public honor for a writer at least to try his hand at it. Scores would, of course, fail; but in the end you would have your Stopford Brooke, and stranger or citizen his reliable pocket-guide to your literary history.

It occurs to me that there may be a worse reason for our defect than the reluctance of critics—the absence of clear features in our history. We have borrowed so much from Europe that we are little more, if that, than a province of English literature. And not even a province, but a series of allotments. Perhaps we have no history!

Then you must make it. But, as a matter of fact, the main outlines of your literary history are not only well-defined, but they are as individual as the features of its contemporary English literature. American literature is not a mere tributary and, still less, a mere derivative, of English literature, but a parallel stream independently issuing from a common source.

Well, how would you begin?

On the broadest lines. Taking American literature from its inception down to the present, it falls, I think, into three clearly marked periods. The first I should call the Age of Emerson. Emerson was as much the central figure of his period as Jonson and Dryden were of theirs; and all the American literature of his epoch can be definitely related to him. The second period is undoubtedly the Age of Whitman. His significance cannot be easily realized while his bombs are still exploding in the writings of Mr. Mencken; but he most decisively brought American literature into world-consciousness for the second time. He is the central figure of the period following Emerson.

And the third? I am curious to hear whom you regard as the typical figure of today.

None. And that is why I should call this period the Age of Experiment. You do not realize, I think, the interest our non-academic, that is, living, European critics take in current American literature; it is much greater than your own! Nor do our critics permit you to guess how much your experiments have influenced us already. So many American writers disguise themselves as French or English authors that the credit of innovation, really due to America, is given to Europe. I should reclaim these wandering sheep, and "place" them where they belong, namely, in the third period of American literary history—the Age of Experiment. Emerson, Whitman, Experiment—there is your history in the rough and in the making. All that is needed is to write it a few score of times to prepare the way for your Stopford Brooke.

A. R. Orage.

(Note: This is the second in a series of articles by A. R. Orage. The first, Literature in America, appeared in The New Republic of August 6, 1924. In it, the author criticized the lack of ability in America to form correct judgments of European writers, past and contemporary, due to the absence of a thorough knowledge of, and familiarity with, European literary history.)

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Judge Longstreet of Georgia

The red old hills of Georgia!
Oh where upon the face
Of earth, is freedom's spirit
More bright in any race?

GEORGIANS have always been proud, but a hundred years ago their pride was singularly youthful and engaging, the pride of a man who has just cleared the first acre of his own land, the carefree boastfulness of a boy who has just learned to shoot straight with a new gun. Beside our ordered monotony the exuberant chaos of those days is something which we who did not have to live in it can afford to regret. We can smile at their gay crudities, their naive arrogances, their solemn stalking after culture, like a bad hunter through a thick jungle, but their life had a flavor which we shall never quite taste again.

In Georgia a hundred years ago lived men who could by a single squirt of tobacco juice extinguish the fire in the fire-place. Two rooms, a hall and porch were comfort; two rooms and a couple of shed rooms more were luxury; if the porch across the front was two stories instead of one the owner was accused of "rivalling the ancient corrupt splendors of Europe." Sand bags were used to keep the wind from under the front door, and dogs chased the pigs through the dining-room. Only a third of the white families owned slaves. Visitors often found themselves eating with Negro farmhands at the table of their host. There was a typical frontier friendliness and freedom. Strangers were welcome, and extreme curiosity as to who they were and where they were going was an important part of the welcome. If a stranger came to a small Georgia town and refused for a whole day to give an account of himself the villagers might easily start a movement to ride him out of town, tarred and feathered, on a rail.

A cheerful, violent young democracy, much given to duelling and "gander-pulling" (a sport consisting of trying to pull the head off a greased gander while riding by at full gallop), and fights in which eyes were gouged out, and whiskey, and furious religion. A town of three thousand souls often had not a single school teacher, or, if it had, he was the kind who, after his pupils had "beaten, tied and smeared him with mud," surrendered and treated them to a gallon of whiskey. Of which liquid Georgia at one time consumed enough to give every man, woman and child one drink a day. Politics were no less important and were also taken undiluted. The state's first senator "declared her a 'damn rascal,' said he bought her and sold her and would buy her and sell her again when he pleased."

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet entered this rough, raw, cheerful community at the weight of twenty pounds, and with a full set of teeth, we are told, leaving it eighty years later after having been, successively or simultaneously, a lawyer, politician, orator, judge, farmer, business man, patron of medical education, teacher, scholar, college president, author, editor, preacher, naturalist, carpenter, sportsman and flute player. He did none of these remarkably well, but all of them with something more than mediocrity; he was in no way great, but in every way a man who deserves the best that biography can give him. While Mr. Wade * can scarcely be said to have given him the best, he has written for us a fascinating, if at times awkward and cluttered record of a very curious and lively character.

Longstreet's father was, among other things, an inventor, and dabbled in contrivances which under happier hands were later recognizable as sewing machines, steamboats and cotton gins. Yet he managed to remain fairly prosperous, and young Gus had a thousand acres to wander over and pursue his ambitions, which were at that time "to out-run, out-jump, out-shoot, throw down and whip any man in the district." When he was on the dunce-stool at the Hickory Gum Academy, which was often, he could always make the other children laugh, and his teacher thought him crazy. The wandering road of education led him through boarding school, where the pupils were summoned from their frame shacks to prayers by a horn blown at sunrise, through Yale, then under the influence of Dwight and the "Hartford wits," through law school at Litchfield, where there were cards and dancing "to an extent that one hardly expected among Puritans," where on fine days young gentlemen dressed up in pink gingham frock coats, and where John C. Calhoun "learned that 'whereas' was a good word with which to begin a poem."

Leaving behind him in the North the memory of a man who could tell funny stories about his own state for hours, and bringing with him much miscellaneous literary baggage, Longstreet dove at once into Georgia life and came up with both hands full. A few years after his admission to the bar he was made a Judge, and spent many months riding on circuit. At the circuit towns, the Judge would stay at houses with blankets swung over the openings instead of doors. When he was not on circuit, life was no less various and interesting. There was the possibility of growing silk in Georgia, which won from him an enthusiasm not to be inspired by cotton; there was money to be lent in small amounts

*Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, a study of the Development of Culture in the South, by Judge Donald Wade; (New York: The Macmillan Company; $4.00.) From which book all the material and quotations in this article have been taken.

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($37, or $31), and time spent in court, usually successfully, trying to collect it twofold; there was his captaincy in the Georgia militia; there was marriage (the clergyman received no fee), and "Patriotic Effusions," written under the pseudonym of Bob Short, for the public, and for more private consumption verse of which this surviving morsel is a fair example:

> Miss Dutton
> Has swallowed a button,
> And Mrs. Longstreet
> Has scalded her feet.

Lines which scarcely hint that the Judge was soon to find himself the state's most popular author, but such was the case.

Georgia was ripe for a chronicler; having recovered from the sense of inferiority it had developed "a certain buoyant, healthful lack of sensitiveness that permitted it for a brief period to indulge in a degree of self-criticism that came near developing, by the process of feeding on its own output, a remarkable civilization." Yet of culture there was little, and of literature less. One of Georgia's editors thought he did not err in saying there were not twenty Young Men's Literary Societies in the whole state, and its printed efforts ranged from the Georgia Analytical Repository and the Southern Ladies' Book to the original publication of the Washington Cherry Tree myth by Parson Weems. To such as these were soon added Longstreet's Sentinel, where in between corn-cure advertisements and editorial enquiries as to the possibility of hiring as a wetnurse one of a certain prominent citizen's "two Negro wives," began his famous series of Georgia Scenes.

These sketches, which helped to satisfy an immense curiosity about a singularly individual state, were almost immediately successful. They were hardly stories so much as hearty anecdotal descriptions, plus a little sound morality, of such familiar scenes as a Dance, a Horse Swap, a Fight, a Militia Company Drill. Usually longwinded, violent, sloppy, Longstreet's prose could rise to heights of eloquence as touching to us now as the furniture of the period, and for much the same reasons. Hear him describe "a lovely morning"—"December never ushered in one more lovely: like a sheet of snow the frost overspread the earth, as rich in beauty as ever met the gaze of mortal. Upon the western verge, in all his martial glory, stood Orion, his burnished epaulets and spangled sash with unusual brightness glowing. Capella glittered brighter still, and Castor, Procyon and Arcturus . . ." Among his characters appear Mayor Loquax, Miss Mushy, the Messrs. Boozle and Noozle, and Madam Piggisqueaki. But others were actually named—though not drawn, Longstreet admits—after "important Georgia people."

Meanwhile the life from which he took these sketches continued abundant and miscellaneous, and himself always hearty, active, whether he was writing a parody of the whole of Hiawatha, or swearing out warrants against whoever he suspected of intending a duel, or gaining the gratitude of a wife who showed it by learning to write a hand exactly like his own, or selling her blacks for a "clever sum," or proclaiming the "duties of a candidate," which were "openly to avow his sentiments, particularly those which are averse to the prevailing opinion of those to whom he offers himself." In that young state where nature was wild, luxurious and friendly, and where man lived in pleasant mansions about whose grounds, in the words of a southern lady, "beautiful and unique hedges hide from the eye every unpleasant object," there was so much to do, with both man and nature. Man, for one thing, must be helped to conquer his own nature, and Longstreet advocated temperance, with an ardor which did not seem to him inconsistent with printing illustrated advertisements of whiskey stills in his newspaper. The challenge (which appeared under his own nom de plume of Bob Short): How long would this picture continue to adorn his columns—he answered characteristically: "Just as long as it pays the printer's tariff. Bob will please notice that the still in our newspaper is a very small one, just fit for rose water and peppermint—not whiskey."

But in those days whiskey had only just begun to be a serious subject. The Methodists, who took it seriously enough, were troubled by honest converts who could not promise to drink less than a quart a day. Yet in spite of the state's liquor consumption the Methodists were numerous. Longstreet now found himself turning in their direction: after a fortnight's study, he says, "all my doubts vanished, and I became a thorough believer in Christianity." A rather noisy, quarrelsome Christianity, in which perhaps the strongest emotion was the mutual hatred of Baptists and Methodists; an intense tawdry, usually sincere flood of revivals, in which Longstreet was not the least sincere man nor the most intense. But Methodism had other sides, with an appeal not lost on him; there were conferences, speeches, old friends, fried chicken, feather beds. "For breakfast in those times"—Mr. Wade is quoting from one Simms—"they had hominy, waffles, ricecakes and fritters, with corresponding variety of meats—a dish of broiled partridges, a stack of venison and a dish of boiled eggs." Which may explain, and must have made easier of obedience, the familiar Methodist exhortation of those days—"Groan, brother, groan."

In spite of failing an examination in English grammar Longstreet was admitted to the Methodist ministry. He joined the band who went about holding revivals in such towns as Washington—a town which those of 1827 knew for its "wealth, hospitality, refinement, scepticism and wickedness." He deplored the inroads of the waltz; he made sermons in legal style, full of the citation of authorities; his familiar "I'm so glad, my dear sir, how do

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you feel?" was heard by many a youthful convert. His opinion on religious matters, by no means consistent or profound, varied according to whether his tolerance or his vivacity held the upper hand. Of the latter we instance a classic outburst which the fundamentalists of today may in vain well envy.

> All science which puts God out of the world," he says, "or that makes Him the most inactive, inefficient being in all his vast dominion, by teaching that He wound up the machinery of the universe a hundred thousand years ago, set it going, and then seated Himself to look idly on its workings through eternity; all science which teaches that He made but one thing at first, a something like a thin cloud or mist, or white smoke, heated first very hot. and set it to rolling and flinging off hard, round ponderous worlds . . . all science which teaches that one of these mist-made worlds is cooled down to three-fourths water and one-fourth land, and that the water made the fishes, and the land made the bipeds and quadrupeds; all science which teaches that God has given no laws to man; that the Bible is a lie, and Jesus Christ an imposter and a liar: Get the ear of the yet uncorrupted, if you can, proclaim to them, and prove to them that all such teachings lead to incalculable misery on earth and immense agony in hell.

Longstreet's career as a minister gradually merged into that of college president. In one small college after another, in Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and his "dear old South Carolina," he pacified unruly students who paid fifty dollars a year for rent, fuel and tuition, who bought whiskey from passing cotton trains, beat tin pans under his window, rode furiously across the campus at midnight and occasionally threw rocks at him. He taught them Mental and Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, Evidences of Christianity, Logic and Political Economy, and held that the perfect college president was one "whose textbook in morals is the Bible, and whose lessons in physics all begin and end with its author." There were many interruptions, many trips about the country to small towns where young girls saved pages in their albums for him to fill, many hours spent on his farm examining new ploughing contrivances invented by some Methodist preacher, to the value of which he loved writing magnificent testimonials. He loved to teach, too, but his students remembered his flute-playing better than his teaching. Altogether it was "an almost phantasmal, idyllic life."

A life soon to be shadowed, broken and scattered forever into memories and ashes. The War was coming on faster than any of them knew. Longstreet's point of view must have been that of many southerners of his generation. "If a white person was cruel or inconsiderate to Negroes," Mr. Wade remarks, "he would probably burn in hell for it, but there must be no thought of a Negro's present retaliation." Longstreet would take care that he sold his slaves to a kind and pious master. "Abolition among churchmen" he declared to be "a mania, a fanatical monster, an insatiable Polyphemus, which will tear to pieces and devour everything sacred and all political and religious institutions"; and John Brown was "a ruthless monster, a night prowler, an alarmist of sleeping women and children, a vagrant husband, an unnatural father, a complotter with aliens against his countrymen, a robber, a traitor, a murderer, a shocking incarnation of all that is shocking in human nature and brazen in sin."

But when war actually threatened, the old man was in a very different mood: "Woe to the people who bring on such conflict but from dire necessity!" he lamented; "Is it necessary? No, no, no! It is not only bootless, desperate but wholly unnecessary. . . . This never will end in war if the South will be prudent, and we must let no southern state begin it." Such words availed nothing. His students left in a body, and he himself went to the train to bid them "a pleasant farewell and godspeed." The moment war seemed inevitable, Longstreet was heart and soul for it. He went to General Lee with a scheme in which he, Longstreet, and six of his students, all disguised as Negroes, were to sail away in a small boat and leave a charge of dynamite on every vessel of theYankee fleet lying off Carolina. Lee was kind, but not encouraging, and Longstreet soon accepted the milder service of Chaplain to the Georgia militia.

The Federals advanced, taking Oxford, burning his precious forty years' accumulation of papers and correspondence, forcing the old man to flee before them, which he did in a fine carriage, carrying with him the curtains from the parlor windows—curtains which President Buchanan had once refused as too costly for the White House. Soon the war was over, and in the midst of melancholy ruins and ashes and hopes dead never to be reborn, old Judge Longstreet seemed a gentle pheonix risen for a last brief flight. Magazines once more asked him to contribute; there was always euchre, and stories of the Indians to tell, and his glass flute which children loved to see taken apart and put together again. He would sit writing at a long table before the fireplace, and if one of his grandchildren came in to sit silently and watch him, when he stooped over the fire to light his pipe he never failed to bump his head on the mantel-piece, as if accidentally, for her amusement.

Now in this mellowed November he wrote his wife's epitaph, and his own. "He sleeps," so it goes, "by the side of his wife, of whom he never thought himself worthy, and who never thought herself worthy of him. . . . Death was a kind visitor to them both." He outlived her two years. One summer night they found him lying on a bench, looking up at the sky, while he counted the cries of a whippoorwill. In a few days he was gone from the world, from the South, his dear South, now so ruined, saddened, leaving behind him property worth about fifty thousand dollars.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Individual and the State

SIR: In your issue of June 25, Professor Kirsopp Lake uses a review of my book on The Conscientious Objector in America as a springboard to dive into a discussion of the relation of the individual to the state. He seeks rather to clarify certain pressing problems than to suggest their solution.

I do not think that Mr. Lake has altogether succeeded in his task. I find certain opinions to which I should take vigorous exception. The first is this:

"Politically the conscientious objector is merely a man who governs his conduct by his personal preference rather than by the will of the people: there is no theoretical difference between him and the evader of the Volstead Act."

That, it seems to me, is to give an extraordinarily narrow definition to the word "theoretical." It is to make "theoretical" equivalent only to "logical," or more exactly, to "formalistic." It is to lose sight of human reality. I have enjoyed a fairly wide acquaintance both with conscientious objectors and conscientious drinkers, and with due respect to Professor Lake and Dean Inge, there is considerable theoretical as well as practical difference between them. The conscientious objector, speaking generally, was a man with a great deal of respect for law who in the matter of his personal attitude toward war held that there was "a higher law than the Constitution." He was usually in theory, and even more usually in practice, a man who admitted wide limits to the control of society expressed for practical purposes through the state. He did not grant it absolute sovereignty over the purpose and direction of his whole life. His refusal to allow the state to make him an absolute automaton without any sort of government of his own acts—and to this level participation in any war necessarily reduces an objector to war—is a very different matter from refusal to observe certain minor prohibitions on one's conduct, irritating as one may find them. In other words, the right to think and the right to drink, the right to direct one's whole life and the right to break the Volstead Act are not in reality on a level of importance. It takes either a very formal logician or an exceedingly conscientious drinker, to identify them. I recently asked a considerable number of college men, bothered by the same problem which troubles Professor Lake, whether in their experience they had met men who broke the Volstead Act from the same motives and in the same spirit as men declined to accept service in a war of which they did not approve. Their general opinion was that they had not met such men. At any rate, the conscientious drinker does his level best to evade the law, while the conscientious objector made his public protest and took the consequences.

This is not an argument on my part for the perfection of prohibition, but simply a protest against the theory that puts bootlegging on the level with conscientious objection. Confusion on this point arises by our habit of laying down such flat propositions as on the one hand, "the citizen must always obey the law," or, on the other, "civil disobedience to the tyranny of law is the highest duty of man."

As a step toward a clearer and more realistic philosophy, I suggest the reëxamination of those matters in which social control is necessary. Just because in our day of great interdependence among men the need of social control in certain spheres is obvious, it is the more important that it should be limited to those spheres. It is a demonstrable fact that the general sale and use of narcotic drugs such as opium gives no real freedom to the individual and is a menace to society. It is a demonstrable fact that unsanitary practices in crowded cities give no real freedom to the individual and endanger the health of the community. So generally realized are these things that there is no conscientious objection to them among useful citizens. It is not a demonstrated fact that conscription for war is a social good which does not injure the individual, and there is conscientious objection to such conscription. It behooves us, therefore, to consider whether the state is on the same ground in its relation to the individual when it enforces conscription as when it enforces sanitary regulations. It behooves us also to consider whether the state gains for society so obvious a good when it attempts to enforce conscription as when it enforces sanitary regulations.

This line of inquiry may legitimately be carried farther into the realm of society's control over property. Society, through the state as one of its instruments, may exert a degree of control over property greater than that which it now exercises with benefit both to the individual and to the community. Property is, after all, in most of its aspects a gift of nature or a social rather than an individual product. But the same society which can justly prescribe limits to the right of private ownership cannot prescribe equivalent limits to the rights of opinion or to the affirmative direction of a man's whole life. When it tries, it fails.

It is, in short, my contention that the theory of the relation of society to the individual will not be derived by deduction from either of the two opposed notions, 1, the state exists for the individual, or 2, the individual exists for the state. Rather, it must be worked out by a realistic observation of that degree and method of control which makes for human well being, a well being in which the interests both of society and of the individual will be served according as we move in the direction of the concept of a fellowship of free men.

This realistic observation of human affairs is not helped by a second of Professor Lake's remarks: "In order to help the weak we have again put the state above the individual." The present religion of the state does not flourish because of our tender regard for the weak. That may be a rationalization occasionally useful and genuinely operative in the case of a few tender-minded citizens. Actually, the state in war and in peace is the agency of the strong by which they secure the submission and obedience of the weak. Of this fact, the open contempt for the Volstead Act on the part of numerous powerful protagonists of the sacred Constitution is itself a proof. Neither the excessive power of the state nor the modern cult of nationalism is to be explained by so naive a theory as Professor Lake's. I should not accept the conflict theory of the state as expounded by Lenin without qualification, but at least it comes nearer the truth than the notion that Professor Lake advances as to the reason for state authority.

Professor Lake and I, however, come to an agreement in our common hope that the state may be brought to realize the end Spinoza stated for it: "That its citizens should in security develop soul and body, and make free use of their reason." Before that goal can be attained, our current conception of nationalism, the exclusive authority of the state, and above all, our economic system must be altered. Until this is done I agree with Professor Lake that the conscientious objector must expect short shrift. The value of the new interest in conscientious objection among young people is not so much for the good it may do if a war is permitted to come upon us, but in its possible usefulness in preventing a new war and in re-shaping human relationships.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York City, N. Y.

Pomerania and the Poles

SIR: May I venture to express surprise at the solution of the present European problem proposed by my good friend the eminent journalist and former Paris correspondent of the London Times, Mr. Sisley Huddleston, in a recent issue of The New Republic? Mr. Huddleston proposes a general revision of the Treaty of Versailles and the accompanying treaties with particular relation to the eastern and western boundaries of the Polish republic and lays particular stress upon the famous Danzig corridor.

Perceiving the ever present danger of Franco-German conflict and the obvious likelihood that this collision may arise not in the west but in the east, and through the German effort to abolish the corridor, which would surely as a matter of treaty and of interest bring France to the support of Poland, Mr. Huddleston urges the suppression of the corridor by the retrocession to Germany of the neck of land separating the bulk of the Reich from East Prussia.

Now what are the facts of the situation? The territory involved constitutes the Polish province of Pomerania; it had, at the census of 1921, a population of 940,000. Of this population, 755,000 were Polish, and the balance of 185,000 nearly, but not quite, all German. Eighty per cent, then, quite four out of every five of the inhabitants are Poles. To turn this population over to the Germans to insure an uninterrupted

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land connection beween the bulk of Germany and East Prussia, which has just over 2,000,000, inhabitants including a considerable number of Poles, would then be to condemn this three-quarters of a million of Slavs to an alien rule.

What would this rule be, for it is obvious that this Polish majority must have certain rights and any effort to change their status against their will would have to take into account their future state? I need not recall to the mind of the editors of The New Republic the record of German persecution of the Polish population of the east during the whole period of the nineteenth century and continued not only down to the World War, but since the making of peace, so far as the unhappy Polish minority still left by the treaties inside German boundaries. Therefore it goes without saying that Mr. Huddleston's proposal would condemn three-quarters of a million Poles, constituting an overwhelming majority in the territory they inhabit to a persecution which they have endured and resisted for more than a century, without ever surrendering their determination to acquire the freedom which they now possess.

Again, one must recall the circumstances under which Prussia acquired Pomerania in the first place; it was of course, by virtue of the odious First Partition of Frederick the Great, one of the most cynical and evil transactions in history and the precedent for much greater evils in the succeeding years. Historically, ethnologically and by the will of the people concerned, Pomerania belongs to Poland.

What then shall one say of the morality of a transaction which has just this warrant: There is danger of war between France and Germany—a war which would be enormously destructive on the continent and terribly injurious to British trade; *therefore to avoid such a catastrophe to Britain and to open a* way to Franco-German reconciliation, three-quarters of a million Poles are to be turned over to the Germans as a means of placating German wrath?

Again, how would such a transaction make for peace? It is axiomatic that no Polish government could consent to the surrender, but how then would it be possible to enforce it? Obviously only by the granting of a mandate to some country or countries to accomplish this end and in practice this would be authorizing Germany to go to war with Poland to conquer Pomerania. Agreeing that Germany could do it, still since Poland could put a million of men in the field it would be necessary for Germany to raise, equip and employ a force many times in excess of that permitted under the Treaty of Versailles. But such an army would be a patent menace to France, which would never consent to such an operation.

You would, then, as I see it, on the practical side, get nowhere with the proposal, while on the moral side you would merely revive the ethics of the Congresses of Berlin and of Vienna, the policy of sacrificing the little states to the big, the policy which turned the Balkan peoples back to Turkey time and again, enabled Austria to annex Bosnia and laid the foundations of the great conflict through which we have lived but from which we have not recovered.

Why should The New Republic protest vehemently against the transfer of 300,000 German-speaking Tyrolese in the Upper Adige to Italy, oppose with the last earnestness the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Sarre to France, and then advocate the surrender of 755,000 Poles to Germany? Agreeing absolutely as I do with The New Republic's attitude in the two former questions, I find myself puzzled in the last.

Surely the Poles would be just as certain to fight against this proposed partition as against all of the former, although the fight might prove quite as hopeless and end in a new extinction of Polish liberty. But the Polish resistance would mean a general European upset, a new war of incalculable proportions, not that peaceful adjustment which every sane person desires. Moreover, Polish resistance would be based upon every right history sustains—upon legal right, ethnological claim, actual possession by virtue of the act of all of the Allies and of the United States.

And would Germany, having acquired Pomerania, be satisfied without Posen, once acquired by Prussia in the same way as Pomerania—Posen with 1,630,000 Poles and 350,000 Germans? Or Polish Upper Silesia with 698,000 Poles and 302,000 Germans? And if Germany were still dissatisfied and thus a menace to European peace would these later sacrifices be demanded? If so, why not Alsace-Lorraine as well?

The late President Wilson went to Paris with certain abstract theories and no conception of the vitality of European nationalism and his whole effort broke down in the face of the storm he had never even considered. Mr. Lloyd George went to Genoa with similar misconceptions and, having in advance talked of a revision of the peace treaties encountered the solid opposition of the Little Entente, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Yugo-Slavia, Poland and France. The consequences were equally fatal to the British Premier's purpose.

The single treaty of the whole lot made at Paris which has been revised since is the "Porcelain" treaty of Sévres and that was revised on the battlefield, because both the Greeks and the Turks rejected any compromise short of complete satisfaction. If a general European conference were called tomorrow to discuss revision of the Paris treaties, France, Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia and Greece would oppose in principle, since all would feel themselves menaced. Italy would stand firmly against any modification which deprived her of the Upper Adige or the Dodecanesus and Rhodes. Only Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria would unqualifiedly support the proposal for revision. What Soviet Russia might do no one can calculate. Even England, advocating such transfers as that of the Polish "corridor" would certainly reject the German demand for the restoration of the lost colonies and particularly of German East and Southwest Africa.

However, I have strayed from my text, which was to protest against doing a flagrant injustice to 755,000 Poles in Pomerania in the hope of avoiding a Franco-German collision, a hope, which I trust I have been able to make clear, would be vain.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Manville, N. H.

The Old Woman and the Job

SIR: I am what you might, by an energetic stretch of imagination, call a young woman of sixty-two; a released member of a materially constructive class, the class that works at the job of living, primarily, and helping others to live; helping in an unspectacular, commonplace way. I have no one to help me make a home except as I go out into the highways and hedges to attract a common garden variety of humanity to come and rest in a home atmosphere cleverly injected into an unhomelike business—a popular priced rooming house.

The home spirit can be "constructed" by giving time and effort to the work, even in a small town rooming house. That is some "job" of itself, but not the whole job. There is the business end of the "constructive effort," the plain making a profit that will afford opportunities for the garden variety of ordinary, human association among a very ordinary class of people; the projecting enterprises of local interest and usefulness that require money in the accomplishment.

The above is a considerable part of my job, but still not the main part. A considerable part consists in feeding my mind. A considerable part consists in caring for the physical machine to keep it fit, flexible and responsive; a considerable part consists in caring for my complexion, skin, hair and eyes to combat the appearance of age that is uninviting when not kept in reasonable check, even in a "home atmosphere." Then, there is the Great Ambition. Every normal, red blooded human has sometime, some where, a great ambition—to own and display a gold crowned tooth or an honor crowned life.

My humble ambition is to make money enough to insure the erection of a sanitarium for crippled pauper children at a natural medicinal hot spring that can, and will, be so utilized. I humbly aspire to render assistance in this project and I plan and strive to that end.

I also have social duties and obligations and a public, official position. I have taken and read The New Republic from the first number, and I sometimes understand it; I necessarily have to do considerable supplementary reading to achieve this, which I try to do. I have taken up several distinct lines of study the most fascinating of which is the Bible in ancient and current history. I try, but only inadequately, to do my duty by the young members of my social circle, the Sunday school and the church, and, believe me, I have some "job" which I expect to work at for another quarter of a century. I am cognizant of numberless other interests and jobs that I would like to compass, but the Almighty has not made the twenty-four hours long enough to compass them all, so that I will have to leave to others the accomplishing the balance of my job—if they are released, and have no other job.

LAURA WILSON JOHNSON.

Hillsboro, N. M.

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Sacred Notes

THE INDIVIDUALIST

HE is a professor of classics from a state university and is in Ravenna to study Roman and Byzantine civilization in the fifth century and sixth. I meet him about the hotel, a slender man, not tall, with tight skin and good, clear eyes. His hands are troubled and nervous.

On this day of St. John's festa we have happened in the cathedral while mass was being said. The professor afterward is in a state of revolt. The two boys serving at the altar had not been so attentive or careful as they might; and he found the look of the priest much too worldly, not to say brutal and wicked. The professor talks and argues and rails with himself about all this. What has this to do with religion? What mockery! This bowing, turning, lifting the hands, this endless complication, which you can see the priest does not feel at all!

I say nothing. There is no use trying to explain to my companion that, though the piety of the priest and the boys might no doubt add to the effect of the moment, the whole thing depends on no one individual. It is not a matter arising from the performer's feelings. By means of movements and attitudes, words and vestments, a structure has been formed that is a composition, a work of art, or whatever you like to call it, a free and pure thing, to offer to this occasion and express it. A pure and free thing exactly similar to the related forms of the music or of the cathedral facade.

I say none of this; I know too well that the professor is one of those for whom every aspect of religion is personal, individual, the promptings of the spirit, and still small voices. And these are deep and true things enough in their way and make a discussion long since old. But in this case of the professor of classics the matter is interesting as a comment on why, for all his labors, he will never understand the art of Sophocles, Euripides, or even of Molière. Ever to have expected such men as he to have understood such art seems strange; and it would have been stranger still, I suppose, if they had done so.

THE ARTIST'S WIFE

ON their way to the frescoes in the choir the painter and his wife have encountered benediction, and so have sat down by the last column to wait till it is over. The service proceeds, the voice of the priest, the responses, the candles and incense; the notes of the organ, reeds and brass, flare out through the church; the last golden light of sunset pours through the west door and upon the columns and choir.

I watch the artist, a delicate, fine face, not over thirty. In appearance he suggests a man who would take little thought of his raiment if there were not someone else that kept him in line. This young man sits there at benediction and does not move. The hands are quiet on his lap; the lines of his mouth, already hardening a little under his New York success, soften; and his eyes are calm and still. He does not move. He is far away, and does not know that there is a world of men about him or that he has a body. The light of the candles and sunset in the choir is reflected on his gentle face and on his hair.

Beside the artist sits his wife, a smart looking young woman of the same age as he perhaps. She has clear features; the gray eyes rather small but bright. She looks gifted, selfish, shrewd and lazy. She too sits at the benediction quietly; her aspect is relaxed and satisfied. That the service means little to her is evident. The eyes with which she sits watching the actions of the priest and his assistants are cool and matter-of-fact, acquiescent and practical.

What pleases the artist's wife about the benediction is something that concerns him. She glances from time to time at this young man sitting there, so quiet, so filled and perfected in his spirit, so gentle and far-away. He looks like a heavenly child, divine and defenceless; and the maternal in her, which she has found it inconvenient to express by having a child, gets a satisfaction at the sight. She could take him to her breast and stroke his soft hair; she could fold him in her wings forever. And, moreover, the sight of him there only serves to confirm her instinct and conviction that men are really children, weak creatures of impulse, impractical stragglers, dreamers; who need the plain sense of the right woman to keep them straight; and who have only to be managed well to amount to something. And, finally, this quiet and depth and dream of him, to be seen now so simply exhibited, frightens and thrills her with its mystery. And yet all of him belongs to her, she feels, his body and his mystery; and at this moment she penetrates far into him, where no one else before has ever been. The music, the lights, the words, the place, with their inexpressible, vague yearning and beauty, make more intense this feeling of hers; that much at least the benediction can do for the artist's wife. Her husband sits there still, far-off, quiet. She likes the benediction because it brings this hour of him, and so satisfies one of the ramifications of her ego.

SYMBOLS

K— has always kicked at symbols and arrangements. He has objected to marriage for men and women and to meter for poetry, to government, flags, ceremonies, to social conventions and formalities, even to saying merely I am glad to see you or making introductions; he is almost equally hot about any of these. He has often organized and edited and written for magazines that would destroy them.

Now K— has taken a vacation and comes to Italy for a sojourn. But he finds no peace. The Catholic Church has become his chief abomination. He hates the shrines and crucifixes. The candles lighted on the altar he thinks are perils to human intelligence, which also is insulted by the ritual of the mass. What stuff, he says, that turning of the priest about and making signs! The incense, swinging censers and sending up clouds of smoke, he considers insulting, as if we were children, he says.

I try to put in a word for the church, though what in the end I am really contending for is the nature and welfare of art, and the power of symbols in expressing our life. I try a few mild points; about the incense, for example. How well, I say, it expresses a certain vague glorification and worship, something that moves upward toward a sweet giving. Giving to what? K— snaps, to make me say God, and so pin me to the wall. I am speaking, I say, of the incense as a symbol of something in us.

K— says, Well?

I ask if there is no sense of release and of expression of himself in that mingling of music, light, color, and lines of movement about the altar. He admits that there

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is. Then, I say to him, if that be true it is clear that the symbol there is capable of his use one way or another, as well as of the people about us. But all the same K— growls, this is not what it means to them.

At length I argue about the sacrament, which we have just seen in that little, gray, solemn church at Prato, with its columns, its shadows and lights. We have seen the row of people kneeling there side by side and the ministering priest. Yes, says K—, that sacrament! an astonishing relic of barbarism when savages ate a hero and expected his virtues to pass from his flesh into them! Surviving, by God, in all sun worship, in Christianity, in the cults of Dionysos, Osiris, Tammuz and the rest!

I say to K— that I am not a churchman myself and that I do not take the sacrament; but that nevertheless I know of no symbol so expressive as it is of our sense of the necessary oneness in all life. The sacrament is a prefect symbol and expression of the way in which life feeds on life and draws life from life; of the fact that we live in one another, that, as St. Paul said, we are parts of one another's bodies.

But, K— shouts, this is not what it means to these people!

I have pondered a great deal over K— and this matter. Toward the health of symbols his is no doubt a very useful type of mind. His kind press against symbols and conventions and either explode them or freshen and keep them alive.

But for his own prosperity, the trouble with K— lies in the fact that he takes symbols for what they mean to other people and not for what they might mean for him, within his own psychology.

In a few weeks K— will be going home to start another magazine. He has not thought of that as a symbol.

STARK YOUNG.

A Halo for Coronet

SOME people can be properly envisaged only in the nude. When you meet one of them your gaze instinctively bores through the outer wrappings of the public personality to the private reality beneath. I, who feel this impulse very strongly, insist that there is nothing morbid about it. It is not a simple itch to peep. On the contrary it requires to be stimulated by the perfect subject, by ponderosity or priggishness. A nearly perfect illustration is a drawing of Anthony Comstock in the Masses. Some curtains had been snatched back at the critical moment of complete déshabile revealing an unconditioned and unsymmetrical old man, his rotund dignity reduced to a loose pauchiness, hysterically endeavoring to attain the least revealing pose. Underneath was the legend: "This man disapproves of the nude." A very fundamental truth, I should think.

Not that the truth to be revealed is always necessarily a blemish. The effect may be simply to accentuate a certain posture, to exhibit the inward nature of an outward attitude. That is what I have visualized in the imagined presence of a very noble lord, renowned statesman and eminent philosopher, the Earl of Balfour. Somehow his personality, his whole philosophy, his peculiar political career seem to lie beneath the immaculate surface of his clothes in the just too graceful lines of that distinguished presence. The very quality of his metaphysics, of his party leadership, of his delicately convoluted style is subtly but insistently personal and even physical. Attached to him, the very letters, K.G., P.C., O.M., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L., Litt.D., Ph.D., became a quasi-anatomical adornment. No one would think of looking beneath the coat of Thomas Hardy for the mark of his O.M.! But Balfour's is quite another order of merit. One senses that with Hardy it is the novels that have been decorated; with Balfour it is the person.

After all, his greatest achievement is himself. For nearly half a century his highly polished boots graced the front benches of the Mother of Parliaments. Issues have arisen, crowded their way to the center of the stage, been themselves crowded back by other issues. Through them all this "keenest mind in British public life" has cut his way with flawless dialectical skill. They are gone and he remains untouched. Under circumstances of the deepest solemnity his signature was affixed to the Treaty of Versailles and to the International Treaty of Disarmament. His it was to congratulate Victoria upon her Diamond Jubilee. Upon the occasion of his own seventy fifth birthday he received the formal felicitations of his colleagues of the Council of the League of Nations. These are the heights not of accomplishment but of attainment, a career of decoration consummated by decorations!

But his books! His philosophy! It is often said of the scholar in politics, perhaps inevitable, that both learning and the author's immortality have suffered by the demands of state. Possibly that is sometimes so. And yet the metaphysics of Lord Balfour seem to have received adequate expression as things stand. The substance of his philosophy is simply obscurantism. Its intent is simply to sit out the rising tide of science, naturalism, in modern thought. In this sense it is of a piece with the know-nothing obscurantism of the Bryans and the Gladstones. But neither its aim nor its methods are the same. Bryan and Gladstone are robust proletarians, defending an obvious and ancient faith with all the direct violence of ignorance, bigotry and the most unscrupulous appeal to the prejudice of masses. When Gladstone rushed ravening upon Huxley driving the Gadarene swine before him, so to speak, as Exhibit A, the scientist could stand his ground with perfect equanimity. The source and character of shock attack are not in doubt. Whereas the elegant aristocrat of Philosophic Doubt, Foundations of Belief and these later Gifford lectures is never wholly obvious.

Poor old Huxley! Fortified with science he could withstand a mass attack. He stood off Gladstone quite effectively for some years. But he could not cope with the tory's peaceful penetration. He could meet ignorance with facts and confusion with analysis. But he had no weapons to turn blandness, irony, the cynicism that deflates even its own prize and the suave indifference that is aloof over even its own victory. In her Autobiography Margot relates a passage between Balfour and Frank Harris that would have offered Huxley a key to his puzzle. "The causes of the corruption of modern civilization, "remarks Harris—or something to that effect, "are Christianity and journalism." "Christianity certainly," replies the pious Balfour, "but why journalism?" This strikes Margot as very choice. It is. What a pity Huxley could not have heard it!

But it would not have done him any good. Huxley was a sincere man and a passionate man whose worship of the truth ran too deep for jesting and finesse. He could only despair of Balfour's intellect. "Mr. Balfour has acted like the French in 1870: he has gone to war with-

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out any ordnance maps and without having surveyed the scene of campaign!" he wrote to the editor of the Nineteenth Century. And again, "I grieve to say that my estimation of Balfour as a thinker sinks lower and lower, the further I go. God help the people who think his book an important contribution to thought!" Just so. But Huxley was wrong about the ordnance maps. Balfour is too perfect to be ill-informed. The key is his elegant languor. His is no ardent ignorance, opposing what it does not understand. It is rather a refinement of unemployed sophistication puncturing science and portraying God for its own urbane amusement. How could Huxley comprehend the spirit, for example, of Theism and Humanism: the lofty grace with which the author, now an earl, waves away the war which has, so deplorably, interrupted his metaphysical discourse; the polished insouciance with which he turns a closing epigram upon the presumption that he has not been understood? There is another story of Margot writing to Dear Arthur, "I hope you are not offended at anything I said about you in my book," and of the Balfourian retort, "Dear Margot: What book?" Even had he possessed this guide to criticism the truthful Huxley could hardly have employed it.

A scientist cannot combat a personage. That requires another personage. Perhaps some day the equally illustrious Max will present us with a drawing of perfection in the nude, simply decorated with a halo of the first class. The head must be delicately inclined, and there must be a superscription: The Earl of Balfour presents his compliments to the Prince of Peace."

All of which signifies that after passing through the rare aroma of this refined theology I feel that I can never again venture the proletarian cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" Such an importunity would be an unwarrantable intrusion. But perhaps—who knows?—the Prince may indulge in irony. "What Balfour?"

C. E. A.

Blake the Philosopher

William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols, by S. Foster Damon. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $10.00.

WHEN William Blake died in 1827 in a lodging of whose destitution Crabb Robinson gave a memorable glimpse by saying that the only chairs it contained were too rickety to sit on, no one in his senses would have supposed that the life-work of this obscure painter and even more obscure poet would become in time a signpost for a generation badly in need of a philosophy. This transformation has now come about. The generation that witnessed in the war the utter rout of all its ideas and ideals, is unpretentiously searching for a way of life that is not timid nor reactionary, nor embrowned with tinges of premature disillusionment. Of all the faith of the nineteenth century in its various panaceas and nostrums for life, very little, if anything remains; the pessimists, Leopardi, Schopenhauer, James Thomson, Melville, are really almost the only souls left who present to us an honest—and not morally "cooked"—vision of life. There remain as exceptions to this rule two or three poets at most:—William Blake, Whitman, Shelley.

Of these three, Blake is at once the most difficult and the most important. Mr. Damon's book, which provides me with a logical excuse for reviving the Blake discussion, contains nearly five hundred packed pages, and is almost entirely devoted to working out of Blake's thought, with very little reference to the outward events of his life. And this, undoubtedly, is as it should be. What Blake did has been discussed and debated quite sufficiently by previous narrators. What Blake thought or intended his prophetic book to say is quite another matter. Mr. Damon provides the only sure guide so far to that labyrinth. His book has this great merit: that it is an independent judgment by one who knows something about philosophy, something about the sort of books Blake read, a great deal about symbolism, and everything about Blake's text. The resultant analysis can, I think, be here and there expanded, here and there modified, or qualified; but in the main, this book represents the real Blake. The chief lines of this argument are unshakeable: its chief conclusion irrefragible. Mr. Damon has successfully advocated Blake's claim to be considered a philosopher; he has shown that if Blake is still considered eccentric or mad by some people, it is merely because he subordinated his art to his philosophy.

The problem that Blake attacked throughout his life was the problem that is with us today, the problem whether it is possible to be, in this highly imperfect world, a Christian. Any reader of the Gospels may see for himself that Jesus was a pure moral revolutionary, utterly indifferent to Moses's law, and indeed to all laws and institutions. St. Paul, and the church that followed, attempted to codify Jesus's teaching, to Judaise it, to bring it into conformity with the old Hebraic system of rewards and punishments. And the result is the world of today, with its universal determination to get the best of every bargain: that with God above all. The new wine has gone into the old bottles and has become sour.

What Blake taught was no more than what science in these days has attempted to teach. We feed upon the products of the energy which the sun bestows upon this planet. We ourselves are nothing more than fragments of that energy, held in a transient envelope of matter. In life, we have our choice to release the energy that is in us, through sacrifice of self, or to store it up and make use of it for self-seeking aims. The former aim makes us philosophers and artists; the latter self-satisfied materialists and cynics mouthing the platitudes of patriotic and ecclesiastical conformity.

Blake's aim was by living life to transcend it. If there is to be any evolution at all there can be only spiritual and conscious evolution. Against that evolution all the apparatus of the church, the state, the organized money-power stands as a wall. Therefore Blake began as a rebel. The artist must learn to assert himself at every turn.

But to assert oneself, to claim the most complete liberty of action and thought is not enough. There are others who have not yet learned to assert themselves. Therefore we must teach them how to do so. And this accounts for Blake's work up to and including the Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

But in the year in which that work was written, Blake seems to have had an experience of conversion, or a death to himself, or some tremendous check that gave him pause. We still know little of such interior events, and Blake's case is profoundly obscure. But at least we have noted in his jotting for 1793, this illuminating sentence "I say I shan't live five years. And if I live one it will be a wonder."

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From that date on, Blake struggled to overcome the state of obscure apathy in which he found himself. The seer, or artist in this state sees that there are plenty of people around him who hesitate, because of fear to inflict suffering on others, from complete self-assertion and self-fulfilment. They are content with their own living death, and with so-called "human nature." Finding the process of redemption difficult and dangerous they have slipped back. And one must sacrifice oneself even to them, if one is to overcome the world. It is not a question as Pascal declared, of finding ourselves hateful. It is a question whether we can find any other worthy of being loved. Nor is it a question of whether we shall be rewarded or not. Those who fulfill their mission most completely think least of rewards.

In the succeeding state of spiritual tension, of mental fight, and moral anguish, Blake poured out his prophetic books. Mr. Damon has corrected the errors of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats by giving the prophetic books a meaning which is consistent and not dependent on fantastic analogies. Blake foresaw a future glorified state of humanity in which man would become "Albion," that is to say perfect reason, emotion, physical power, and artistic inspiration in one corporeal form. It was only this superman which could ever be the justification of man. And he held, moreover, that one could only reach him through the pathway of inspiration: the inspiration that is common to great art and science, and which is not present in the pseudo-science that makes use of science for personal ends, nor in the art that seeks the market-place for a sanction of its efforts.

In this way, William Blake anticipated the entire vital thought of the nineteenth century. Like Nietzsche, he was too near to Christ to be called a Christian; unlike Nietzsche, who went mad at the end, Blake was classed as more or less mad all his life. All persons who seek to guide evolution a little further along its path, must choose between two alternatives: they must accept crucifixion, or the path of what others call error. And of course, only mad people make mistakes willingly, and only mad people are crucified.

The Prophetic Books may or may not be considered as poetry. As poetry in the sense of Tennyson, Swinburne, and other verbal melodists, they are doubtless highly imperfect. But each is a fiery manifesto of Blake's new will to redemption—a will that hesitated at nothing, including annihilation, if it could only find those who could follow its aim and intention.

And if we find the last of these manifestos, Milton and Jerusalem, obscure and wilfully overweighted with symbol, what are we to say to the Inventions from the Book of Job, a series of engravings which in style alone is worthy to take rank with the highest creations of nineteenth century art, but which, as Damon has shown, is entirely an allegory, having practically nothing to do with the Biblical text, but entirely interpretative of life according to Blake's own vision of it? If we accept one—clear-sightedly—we must necessarily accept the other. If we are mentally blind to Milton and Jerusalem, the likelihood is that we are equally blind, however much we may admire them, to the Job engravings, which are their contemporaries and complements.

As one of the greatest of his designs informs us, Blake saw the sun rise in a human form. That is to say, he looked towards the mythology of the Orient. There is much in his later philosophy which recalls Buddhism. Life for him up to his thirty-fifth or sixth year, was an adventure, a series of conquests to be made, of obstacles to be overcome. After that, it became a Karma to be worked out and cast aside. Perhaps every artist who has looked at the world as a mystery has shared the same experience.

Mr. Damon has written one of the major books of the century. In its present form, only seven hundred and fifty rich people will be able to collect it and add to their knowledge.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

Words Upon Music

Music and Mind, by T. H. Yorke Trotter. New York: Doran. $3.50.

The Scope of Music, by Percy C. Buck. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

The Common Sense of Music, by Sigmund Spaeth. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

A History of Music in England, by Ernest Walker. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

ART is probably the most delicate subject in the world. You may laugh at a man's religion, but you must not laugh at his pictures. The reason is obvious, even to him. His pictures touch his vanity at its most sensitive point. They stand for the higher culture. They are, presumably, the natural medium of the most exquisitely cultivated people. In proportion, therefore, as one's artistic discriminations cut clear and straight apparently by instinct rather than by the mere studied judgment of the laboring professional one may fairly lay claim to true congenital sophistication, the fabled sensitiveness of the nobly born.

The situation is somewhat paradoxical. Everyone knows that the arts are difficult and that artistic judgments by people who know nothing are quite apt to be conspicuously foolish. And yet, because the truly exquisite are those who are presumed to have drunk in counterpoint with their mothers' milk, one must not seem to be an industrious learner. Industry belies a noble birth. Everyone must affect to know already, by instinct. Through this peculiar perversity of human nature people are very generally inhibited from candid study of the arts. What they require is a few surreptitious tips, an artistic book of etiquette by which they may steer a plotted course among the things they should properly admire. That is, they must know the names of things.

To this discipline music is very unamenable. One can tell a good picture by the simple device of learning the subjects of the recognized masters from collections of prints. And the subject is after all sufficiently a part of the picture to make exposure quite unlikely. In the case of music, however, the lack of any easy identifying tag is so acute as to drive a very sharp line between coaching and musicianship. You may study about music, or you may study music. The two are quite distinct and immediately detectable. Works about music may be thoroughly honest, to be sure. They may be the indispensible treatises and manuals of study. But they may be shamelessly devious, like the latest opera guide, slyly informing the reader of matters which though they have nothing to do with music will nevertheless enable him to find his way about with a certain air of sophistication. Or

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they may fall between these categories somewhat confused over their own functions.

Three of the books noticed above are introductions to the study of music. They are directed at the layman. But being words, and not music, they cannot teach him any music; therefore, if my argument is sound, their failure is assured. None the less, there is a difference among them. Two of them contain much learning but little music; one contains much nonsense but a great deal of music interspersed, and all of it likely to be followed with increasing interest and preoccupation by the reader. Consequently the first two, in spite of detailed soundness of their contents, must be regarded as fundamentally confused and pointless, while the last, Mr. Spaeth's sprightly volume, is rather more than a book: it is an introduction to music.

The contrast goes deeper. Dr. Yorke Trotter possesses a considerable fund of musical learning. He discusses with the familiarity of a scholar the various elements of music, the principles and problems of musical composition, the history of music, its place in education, and so on. He sets at the beginning of his book a chapter on the theory of aesthetics and another, the one from which the volume unwisely takes its title, on psychology. What he has to say on these semi-detached subjects is interesting, perhaps, though the author makes it quite clear that his knowledge of psychology is second hand and consequently somewhat aggravates the readers's impatience at the outset. But it is not music. Mr. Buck is almost offensive in his heavy discursiveness. With the pedantry of the hardened teacher (he is music master at Harrow) he begins his lectures with the physics of sound production. To this he adds his word on the origin of music and his wisdom on the nature of beauty. He also finishes off, after a slim central section on melody and form, with the ever-serviceable science of psychology, and calls it a book.

Now both these writers are themselves musical scholars, while Mr. Spaeth is an avowed journalist. The superior musical value of Spaeth's book comes therefore not from greater learning but from better sense. Possibly because the author has no reputation as an authority to sustain he can throw off the temptation to stand between the reader and the proper object of his interest: music. Further, his own attitude toward music is fresh and direct and humble. The scholars give the impression that music is something very remote and obscure that can be approached only by the stages of physics and psychology and then only through the mediumship of the high priest. The journalist assures his readers on the first page that music is the common possession of all mankind and clinches the matter by bringing up at once a dozen samples of really excellent music that are known and loved by millions quite unwittingly. Thus he turns the trick of making music speak for itself. It is no part of his purpose to glorify bad music. In the end he makes his confession of faith in the three B's with the most orthodox intonation. Yet with quite extraordinary skill he leads his audience from Berlin to Puccini and from Puccini to Mozart. This, of course, is musical reality, the stuff upon which theory is mere embroidery. By his determination that his listeners shall hear music, actual music, Mr. Spaeth is able to circumvent cant. There is a story of an illustrious European lady who went about this country for some time in a state of hysteria over America's musical inglory, which she attributed to two causes, our complete lack of folk-music, and the absolute universality of jazz. Mr. Spaeth short-circuits such nonsense by the flat assertion: "Rachmaninoff, Levitzki and Heifetz are fascinated by American jazz." At least it is genuine, and the beginning of art is honesty.

Dr. Walker's History is a book for scholars and one that scholars will know already. This edition differs from the first only by the inclusion of some notes and a brief appendix on contemporary composers over forty years of age (!). The tail is not substantial enough to wag the dog, however. A book which devotes more than half its bulk to the pre-Handelians cannot fairly claim to be contemporary in interest. The author remarks, "Nearly seven hundred years ago we gave to the world the first artistic music it had ever seen; who knows that we may not be its leaders once more?" Is it significant that he posts a question against the present and draws the line of genius at middle age?

C. E. Ayres.

Altgeld of Illinois

Altgeld of Illinois, by Waldo R. Browne. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $3.00.

AMONG biographies as conventional and superfluous as mortuary monuments, here is one which is deserved and necessary, a work of piety and reparation. And that justice may be done it is not only needful that the book be written: it should be read by all Americans who believe in the ultimate triumph of truth and fair play. No man in recent American history has been denounced as was John P. Altgeld. The malignity with which he was pursued reminds one of the political ruthlessness of the period of the Revolution or of Andrew Jackson. Mr. Browne has performed a cleansing service in making part of the record the infamies which were heaped upon Altgeld. The Reverend Lyman Abbott described him as "the crowned hero and worshipped deity of the anarchists of the Northwest"; Theodore Roosevelt as "one who would connive at wholesale murder"; General Sickles as "a wolf who needs skinning." It was in Harper's Weekly that W. A. Rogers depicted Altgeld in a cartoon as standing with Guiteau, "holding in his hand a torn constitution and a flaming torch marked 'Anarchy,' while underneath the picture appeared this legend: '1881—1897: Guiteau was a Power in Washington for One Day. Shall Altgeld be a Power There for Four Years?'"

It is a curious and ironic fact that this campaign of vilification was directed against a man who exemplified so many things in which Americans take honorable pride, and so few of which they can be properly ashamed. John P. Altgeld was brought to this country from Germany when three months old. He grew up under the hardest conditions of pioneering in northern Ohio, went to school against his father's opposition, at seventeen enlisted in the Union army, taught school and studied law, married after ten years courtship, built up a fairly lucrative law practice and made some money in real estate in Chicago. In 1886 he was elected to a Judgeship in the Cook County Superior Court, which office he held for five years. The year after his resignation he was nominated for Governor of Illinois on the Democratic ticket, and in that rockribbed Republican state was elected by 23,000 majority in the Democratic landslide of 1892. Thus he stands at forty-five, a man of little outward grace or charm, shy, made serious

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by hardship but not embittered, filled indeed with a strange and beautiful sympathy with his fellows and a desire to make their lot easier than his own, a demonstration as genuine as Lincoln's of what America through inspiration and opportunity could produce.

Everyone realized when Altgeld took office that he had a stormy four years before him. No one guessed from what quarter that storm would burst. In 1886 the Haymarket riot had taken place in Chicago, in which a bomb had been exploded and seven policemen killed. Eight men, anarchists by belief, were arrested, tried and found guilty. One committed suicide, four were hanged, and three remained in prison when Governor Altgeld took office. There was already a strong feeling in the community in favor of pardoning the three prisoners. The red hysteria had died down. It was generally recognized among sensible people that there had been no anarchist plot. It was remembered that the meeting in the Haymarket had been entirely orderly, that the Mayor on leaving, had gone out of his way to advise the police of this fact, that the charge of the police upon the dispersing crowd was sheer provocation, that the men arrested had no proved connection with the bomb thrower, who remained undetected. There is little doubt, as Mr. Browne remarks, that if Governor Altgeld had paroled or even pardoned the three anarchists as an act of contemptuous clemency his action would have met little criticism. The Governor, however, held that if they were guilty he had no right to pardon them, and with German thoroughness he made a complete re-examination of the case and published his findings in a statement which charged the people of Illinois with murder through their courts, and marked the trial Judge, Joseph E. Gary, as their guilty tool. Undoubtedly Governor Altgeld knew that he would lose popularity by this action, but he could hardly have realized how completely he was sacrificing reputation, influence and power for service. He did not consider that of all things the most inconceivable is that a sovereign people should confess itself wrong or bring forth any fruit of repentance. Nor did he realize that with logic which is familiar to us today, the American people including professing Christians, patriots and reformers, would assume that because he asked for justice for anarchists, he was himself an anarchist, potentially guilty of all the unproved crimes laid against the men whose cause he pleaded. But perhaps in any case he would have defied American psychology and told the truth.

The pardon of the anarchists determined the terrain on which Governor Altgeld fought the remaining political battles of his career. The first of these was with President Cleveland over the use of the power of the federal government to suppress the railroad strike of 1894. This was a sympathetic strike of the Railway Union to prevent the hauling of Pullman cars so long as the Pullman Company refused a settlement with its employes. Governor Altgeld sent militia promptly wherever disorder occurred, and held that the state authorities were able to control the situation. President Cleveland ordered United States troops to Chicago where violence immediately broke out. Cleveland's biographer, Professor McElroy, in comment on this action, quotes Benjamin Franklin's remark on the decision of the British cabinet to send troops to the Colonies: "If sent they will not find a rebellion but they will create one"; and admits with reference to federal troops in Chicago that "for the time at least they bred not peace but war." Governor Altgeld's protests to Cleveland were dismissed contemptuously, and the myth took form more enduring than bronze, of Cleveland the lion-hearted defender of law and order, and Altgeld the treacherous anarchist. More serious than the sending of United States troops, however, was the appointment of Edwin T. Walker, attorney for the St. Paul railroad, as special attorney for the United States, and the granting of a sweeping injunction in the federal courts against the officers of the American Railway Union—the parent of a whole brood of judicial interventions against striking workmen which culminated in Judge Wilkerson's injunction against the shopmen two years ago. It was hardly in a spirit of prophecy that the Attorney General, Richard Olney, telegraphed to Walker: "Congratulate you upon the legal situation which is all that could be desired."

Mr. Browne gives an admirable account of the less spectacular side of Governor Altgeld's administration, his cleansing of the state institutions, his championship of the University of Illinois, which set that institution on its great career, his reforms in industrial legislation and the civil service. One of his greatest battles was with monopolists who sought to secure from the legislature long term franchises for the Chicago street railways; and the tale of attempted bribery when $500,000 in cash was placed where Altgeld could get it, at a time when he was facing financial ruin has passed into popular fiction—only it happens to be true.

It was natural that in the schism of the Democratic Party on the Free Silver issue Altgeld should take the radical side in opposition to Cleveland and the gold standard. At the famous Chicago convention of 1896 he was for the first time in a national setting. Known only by reputation to most of the delegates as the defender of the anarchists and the defier of the president he aroused curiosity, excitement, and in the end enthusiasm. If he had not been ineligible to the presidency by reason of foreign birth he might have become the choice of the convention instead of Bryan. As it was he became a leading figure in the campaign, the chief spokesman of his party next to the candidate, and the object of the most impassioned diatribes of his opponents. Never were the attacks upon him more bitter or conscienceless. The emotion which could not be roused by consideration of bimetalism was let loose in a storm against anarchy. Nevertheless it was by a small majority that the state of Illinois was persuaded to repudiate his administration and elect in his place the most notorious of Republican bosses.

Altgeld's career really ended with the campaign of 1896. He went out of office a man broken in reputation, in fortune, in health. He tried to rebuild his law practice but his heart was in too many causes. It is characteristic that he was fatally stricken immediately after delivering an address of sympathy with the Boers. He died in 1902. Already a reaction had begun in his favor, which has gone slowly forward. The reminiscences and fiction of Brand Whitlock, the poems of Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters, the statue by Gutzon Borglum in Lincoln Park, are signs of tardy justice. Now the biography by Mr. Browne comes with its calm unpretentious statement of the true Altgeld and his democracy—his belief in manhood and in institutions made for all men. It invites us to consider another type of American from the Clevelands, Olneys, Abbotts and Roosevelts—who have already had their reward.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The Gyldendal Prize Novel

The Philosopher's Stone, by J. Anker Larsen. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

A NOVEL without plot, without movement, without heroine, almost without a love story—a more characteristic Scandinavian book than this winner of the Gyldendal Prize would be hard to find. Shaped by its theme into a kind of spiritual unity, it is otherwise as formless, as complex, as illogical, as life untouched by the creative hand of art.

With a quotation from Hans Christian Andersen for clew as to his purpose, Larsen begins with a picture of a dozen Danish children at play in the school yard, and proceeds to show what in the course of years life makes of them all. Two gossiping old women and a man who has gathered wisdom from much wandering about the world form a sort of chorus to the intertwined dramas presented in a broken series of detached scenes, often with considerable lapses of time between them.

Only two of the characters are clearly aware of a quest for the philosopher's stone that will put meaning and value into life—the young student-friends, Jens Dahl and Christian Barnes. Dahl is the temperamental mystic who strives vainly through theology and theosophy in turn to recover his childish sense of an immaterial world. Barnes, passing through the normal corruptions of youth and finding intellectual efforts barren is (unconvincingly) led to become a disciple of a woman who has a school of mental hygiene in Los Angeles (one suspects the original of this) and is eventually trained into a normal conception of life and restored to the sweetheart of his boyhood.

But in addition to these contrasted stories, we have the stories of the minor characters who are unconsciously engaged upon the same quest and who work out, according to their own temperaments and the conditions under which they begin and continue life, different degrees of salvation for their souls. Undoubtedly the dominant figure in the book is not either of the neurasthenic students but an inarticulate being named Holger Enke who is driven to hideous crime against the woman he loves in order that by expiation he may come to see and understand and accept God. This episode is a fine, tragic conception but continually obscured by the details of the other stories with which it is intertwined.

On the whole, a maddening book—overloaded with fine themes and with esoteric rubbish, rich in observation and sympathy, crammed with details, often remarkable in themselves, which blur the big conceptions, ambitious in its purpose of showing a whole community of souls on their way to God and failing to transform into art the big idea on which it is constructed and the vivid stuff of life of which it is composed.

It may be that the author is deliberately modern in his heaping of one phase of life upon another, working much as modern painters work with their cubes and masses and veils of color and their deliberate avoidance of logic; but the result is confusion. Not only is there continual break of continuity almost as soon as established, continual shift of interest from one set of characters to another, bewildering change in point of view from moment to moment; but there is not time for us to realize the various aspects of a national temperament so different from our own, and to follow and evaluate the various interpretations of life offered. Rich in elements of greatness, the book is rather a promise than an achievement.

The translator errs, if at all, in the direction of being too idiomatic; but he has given the book a very fair presentation in English.

EDITH RICKERT.

Tales of the Lower Tenth

A Pedlar's Pack, by Rowland Kenney. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.00.

SOME sixteen short stories, these, dealing with the lower strata of British industrial life—navvies, dockers, shuters. All are related in the first person by an author who associates himself closely and in full comradeship with the rough-and-ready existences which he depicts. A droll effect is sometimes produced by an incongruous choiceness of language, as in the opening story of a fight among railroad day-laborers. When we read of a "cul-de-sac" and of a train's "human freightage" we seem to scent the collegiate investigator, the amateur sociologist. There is also a too thorough presentation of the workings of machinery and mechanical appliances in the switch yards and among the ware houses—as of details but lately learned. Aside from these points the technique of the stories is excellent: a sinewy brevity comes to correspond with the grim and often gruesome material. Amidst all this battling and violence woman takes her chances and is sufficingly portrayed in her subordinate rôle. Mr. Kenney's pages are stark and clean-cut, direct and devoid of superfluity. He deals with a section of society which increasingly engages the attention of the novelist, the poet, the painter; and any other young writer who is searching for a technique in harmony with the brutalities and discords of modern industrial life might do worse than study these pages. H. B. F.

Contributors

SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, was, during the war, captain in the U. S. Air Service and Flight Commander of the 20th Aero Squadron. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C. He is the author of The Labor Spy, which The New Republic published in 1921.

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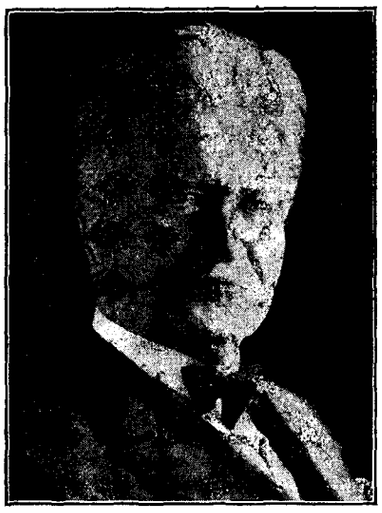

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